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SESSION PROSPECTS.

PARLIAMENT met on Monday with all parties, according to their own showing, in a good temper. It would not appear that the wicked Ministerialists and their wicked leaders are any the worse for the amount of strong language which Mr. GLADSTONE ("uttering com-minatory expressions after" his manner) has launched at them as a holiday task. Nor do their allies, the Liberal-Unionists, although cominatory still worse, appear to mind it much. Gladstonians themselves affect perfect happiness—hopes flowing like tides and blowing like roses. The Irish party has announced, with for once unchallenged and unchallengeable sincerity, its intention of taking all it can get from Mr. BALFOUR, of not being in the least grateful for it, and of agitating for independence just the same as ever. And, lastly, the new Fifth, or LABOUCHERE-JACOBY-CONYBEARE, party has, through its revered chief, announced with equal frankness the eternal and immutable principle that every man who makes a speech so as to prevent the business of the country from being carried on deserves well of that country. In these dispositions everybody settled down to work again, and, as self-satisfaction usually produces good temper ("heureuse elle-même," says the French novelist, "elle trouvait naturel de faire les autres heureux"), things for a very short time went quite merrily. Even the stern patriots around Mr. LABOUCHERE were so pleased with their own sternness and their own patriotism in refusing votes that (after a sportive division against the appropriation of time by Government, which probably meant nothing but a kick at their own leaders) they actually allowed votes to be taken. This harmony is attributed by some persons to an alteration in the manner of announcing the usual preliminary sacrifice of innocents; and the tenor of the attribution is really interesting as showing the idea of political ethics entertained by the modern Gladstonian. It has often, and especially of late, been customary to make a sort of double list of measures—A, B, and C to be passed at all hazards; X, Y, Z to be passed, if possible, after them. Now, this would seem a straightforward and intelligible manner of proceeding; but it is said by the ingenuous Gladstonian not to be a politic one in dealing with himself. For instance, suppose that A is a measure for combating rabies, for assisting the victims of some great accident, for supplying a notorious lapse or omission in precedent legislation, or the like. Of course the obstructor *in futuro* has no objection to A. But if he lets A pass he clearly runs the risk of facilitating the chances of Z, which may be—say, a measure to strengthen the Church of England, to enable a landlord to recover his just debts, to extend the Rights of Man to the Classes, or to do something else horrible and damnable. It is to this that he looks. He is sorry for the widows and orphans, he does not like hydrophobia to range free, he admits that an amending Act is urgently required; but he points to Z. Shall anything that he does facilitate the accursed Z? Never; and he obstructs, and blocks, and talks out A accordingly, with a serene sense of having accomplished the whole duty of legislative man. Now, Mr. SMITH's present plan is free from these objections. The dreadful phantasm of Z not being present at the end of the vista, the good man is able to concentrate his attention on A, and discover that really there is nothing decently to be said against it. Such is the explanation of Gladstonian views given by Gladstonians, and it would be rude to doubt it. Only, if it be true, it is very interesting.

But, however this may be, it will be admitted that Mr. SMITH's list of "Preferred" measures (the terrible "Deferred" being wrapped in judicious obscurity) is in the highest degree uncontentious. Three measures of all but the first magnitude—the Scotch Universities and Scotch

Local Government Bills, and the Irish Railway and Drainage Bill—with four minor ones—the Merchant Shipping Pilotage Bill, the Land Transfer Bill, the Tithe Recovery Bill, and a Civil Service Bill—complete the modest list. Yet everybody will be much surprised if even six of the seven receive the Royal Assent in these days.

IN COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

IT is a satisfactory proof of the pitch to which the efforts of experts have brought the conduct of Parliamentary business that the reasonable progress made by the Navy and Army Estimates during this week has been generally considered as a fit subject for congratulation. Let it only be taken for granted that the rule is obstruction and delay, and the surprise of onlookers is thoroughly justified. Undoubtedly the House of Commons has during this week got through its Committee work very much as it used to do in older and duller times. We do not mean by this to commit ourselves to the opinion that these discussions were particularly wise or instructive, but only that they were not more inconclusive and barren than the wide-ranging conversations common in Committee of Supply have at all times been wont to be. These Parliamentary goal deliveries have always included curious miscellaneous items. It was, therefore, quite according to good and old precedent that the House should be occupied for some time on Monday and Tuesday with premature remarks on the eccentricities of the man THOMPSON and familiar exhibitions of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's intellectual curiosity. As Lord GEORGE HAMILTON reminded the House, the case of the man THOMPSON has yet to come before the judges, and observations on it must be reserved. Still there are parts of it which are fair matters of comment. It cannot be contempt of Court to wonder why THOMPSON should have been so superfluous as to say he was somebody else, the more because that somebody had duly incurred a term of imprisonment for desertion, and THOMPSON knew it. His motives will probably not be inquired into by the judges, and would possibly be undiscoverable even by the man himself. A more profitable subject of inquiry will be the question whether the court-martial by which he was condemned conducted its proceedings with any regard to the rules of evidence. Out of this examination there may come a good deal of trouble for some. As the talk about the position of the JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL proved, there are many members of the House who would like nothing better than to look into the court-martial at large. This, however, will be for another occasion. On Tuesday night the case might have been left alone, for all that could be said about it was necessarily as little to the purpose as the complaints of Messrs. SHAW LEFEVRE and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN that the Naval Manœuvres were not just the kind of makebelieve of which they themselves approve, or the fears of Mr. PICKERSGILL that the War Office is entering on a course which may some day lead to a heavy outlay on the fortification of London. Mr. PICKERSGILL, indeed, proved once more that he belongs to the school of economists who entertain so great a regard for the people that they will not allow it to spend its own money in its own way. The demonstration was interesting to Mr. PICKERSGILL, but it did not forward the despatch of business.

Still, business has been despatched. The votes have been passed; which is, after all, the essential thing. The army and navy will continue to exist. Whether they are being managed on sound principles is another story. We confess that the history of the Dublin Barracks is what, if we did not entertain very friendly feelings to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, we should describe as a gross scandal. Mr.

STANHOPE had to allow that, if a kennel had been shown to be as unhealthy as these barracks, no policeman of ordinary humanity would put a stray mongrel into it. We interpret, of course; but this is what Mr. STANHOPE substantially said. Yet, though their condition has long been notorious, they still continue to be used. It is true that inspections have failed to reveal the cause of their unhealthiness; but the facts of their sanitary condition have been established by the most convincing kind of evidence—by a long series of deaths of officers and men from typhoid fever. Still, the War Office can only promise to inquire further, and contemplates changes which, as far as we can see, will be of the nature of half measures. A place which, for whatever reason, is as deadly as a tropical swamp is not fit to put soldiers into at all. The same inconclusive result, the same vague promises of inquiry, and dim sketches of half measures was all that came of the rambling talk about the Reserves. Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers were all discussed, and on one point everybody who spoke of them agreed—namely, that they are not now in a really efficient state. Some wished to end and some to mend the Yeomanry, but nobody said it is fit to take the field now. As to the Militia, there was a consensus of opinion. It is short of men and shorter of officers, recruits diminish, and desertions increase. It gets worse, and there is no sign of a change for the better. Touching the Volunteers, also, there is a common consent that they want very many things to fit them for service. In short, the House of Commons and the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR are happily agreed that our Reserve forces are totally untrustworthy for real military purposes now. There is a hope in the official mind—unless the official tongue lies—that Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers will all prove of immense value at some future date; but nobody alleges that they are in a condition to be moved and used at present. In all the world there is probably not anybody so foolish as to suppose that either Minister or House of Commons thought of making them efficient in the one adequate way for a moment. The usual things were done. The Minister promised inquiry. The House passed the votes, and so the Reserves are handed over till next year. On the other hand, it does appear certain that something has been done to secure a practical reserve of transport horses—which is at least a substantial gain.

The navy's share of the Committee did not differ in character or amount from the army's. As regards the navy, however, we can afford to be comparatively indifferent to a certain amount of vagueness. Something substantial has been done for that service. Money has been voted and ships will be built. Whether as many will be built for the millions voted as Lord GEORGE hopes it would be something cruel to inquire, and, in view of the increased activity in the private yards, which, of course, means a rise in prices all round, rash to believe. Still, there will be ships built, and, as the Admiralty has been well scared, efforts will be made to secure guns for them. This we know; and when Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, who has been reading the speeches of Admiral DOMPIERRE D'HORNOY, and has learnt that the French wish to build more ships also, inquires whether we shall not wait to see what they are at before we begin, the question only proves the voracity of his appetite for information. We will not wait. We gave the money because we thought there had been waiting enough already. It is a pity that the Admiralty cannot show better grounds for its confidence that the necessary guns will all be supplied in time. Uncertainty and delay is the price paid for the folly of allowing our armaments to fall behindhand—a mistake made, be it observed, in deference to the opinion of those naval experts to whom it is said the Admiralty does not sufficiently listen. It will be by no means surprising to those who are careful to estimate the chances, if the official programme is not fulfilled to the letter; but it will be approximately carried out, and that is at least pure gain. For the sake of the work it is doing, the Admiralty may be forgiven for its comic little piece of hairsplitting over the approaching Naval Review—which we must not call a review. There is to be an inspection of the vessels told off to take part in the naval manœuvres. It will be held on the 5th of August, and the German EMPEROR will be there—but it will not be a review. One feels inclined to adapt Lord MACAULAY's words about the equivocation of Bishop COMPTON to this remarkable piece of official ingenuity; but, if it makes the Admiralty happy to insist that a review shall be called an inspection, it would be

unfair to deprive a department which has lately been meritorious of its little gratification. The ignorance shown by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON as to the accuracy of the charts of the Comoro Channel is rather remarkable. The Admiralty ought surely not to be in doubt whether or not a chart made by a naval officer does exist showing the rock which ought in future to be called after H.M.S. *Sultan*. Neither does it look well that the existence of the danger should be supposed to be indicated in an unused chart at Malta. In any case, the circumstances of the loss of that battleship do seem to prove that parts of the Mediterranean are still, as in Admiral SMYTH's day, less well known than the South Pacific. Obviously there remains plenty of surveying to be done. It is rather dismal to learn that this truth should have to be impressed on the official mind by the loss of a fine ship. Let us hope that the lesson has been well learnt, and also that the disappearance of H.M.S. *Sultan* will convince the Admiralty still further of the folly of waiting for a lead from the French.

MORE CHATTER ABOUT HARRIET.

STUDENTS of SHELLEY, and of HARRIET, will be delighted to learn that new materials for their industry have been discovered. A writer in the *Nation* (the American paper) publishes a number of letters from HARRIET to a Miss NUGENT, who preferred to be called Mrs. NUGENT. The letters are very funny and sad. They distinctly prove that HARRIET was the very wife for BYSSHE; in fact, she was BYSSHE in petticoats. She was equally devoted to Ireland, to freedom, to landscape, and to people whom she afterwards found reasons for detesting and denouncing. As far as HARRIET's epistles go, they demonstrate that no man, or boy rather, ever had a mate more entirely worthy of him and at one with him in all things. The letters were written after SHELLEY's visit to Ireland in 1812, when he was a minor, and the poor child whom he afterwards deserted was about seventeen. SHELLEY's performances in Ireland, his distribution of political tracts, and so forth, are familiar, and have now become fashionable. Let it be admitted that he set the fashion. In Dublin he met Miss (or Mrs.) NUGENT, who was an assistant in the shop of Mr. NEWMAN, a furrier. She is alluded to in Mr. DENIS MACCARTHY's *Shelley's Early Life*, where the poet says, "This excellent woman, with all her notions of philanthropy and justice, is obliged to work for her subsistence. To work in a shop which is a furrier's." Why a person with notions of justice should *not* work for her subsistence SHELLEY did not explain. But he remarked in a later letter, that it would be a good thing if Miss NUGENT had the PRINCE OF WALES's money, and if the PRINCE served in a shop which was a furrier's. Indeed, GEORGE might have been not unhappy in constructing fur collars for greatcoats.

For Mrs. NUGENT HARRIET "murdered a chicken," for she and BYSSHE were then on the vegetarian lay. However, they devoured "meat" when very hungry after crossing the Channel to Wales, and HARRIET did not think that vegetables unmodified agreed with BYSSHE's delicate constitution. From Wales HARRIET wrote patriotic letters to Mrs. NUGENT—that is to say, she denounced her own country. They found a house at a low rent, but the owner's behaviour to PERCY (by the way, *this* wife calls him "PERCY," not "BYSSHE") was "*villanous*." She found the murder of Mr. PERCEVAL "undoubtedly very distressing, *but*"—there is ever a "*but*"—"the man's composure is astounding." Lord CASTLEREAGH "really deserved" to be murdered. It is notable that persons of whom HARRIET disapproved "*really deserved*" to be murdered. This, in fact, is all the modern law and the prophets. "Continue, oh amiable woman," HARRIET next exclaims, "the path marked out for thee by virtue and humanity." The *villanous* conduct of the owner of the house which SHELLEY liked in Wales had now driven him and HARRIET into Devonshire. Sad to say, their Irish servant proved a failure—"not that useful servant we expected"—and SHELLEY thought of sending him to Dublin, "to see after his poems that are at the printer's." This very printer was disappointing; he wanted to be paid for his work! SHELLEY in vain informed him that printers were never paid except out of the profits of the book they set up! "PERCY agreed with him to this effect, and as long as we staid in Dublin he wore the mask which is now taken off." Innocent HARRIET, inexperienced PERCY! Their life was a long

course of seeing people take off masks. For example, there was "our friend Miss HITCHENER" (later "the Brown Demon"). "Our friend Miss HITCHENER is come to us. She is very busy writing for the good of mankind. She is very dark in complexion, with a great quantity of long black hair. She talks a great deal." Clearly HARRIET was not so much infatuated by Miss HITCHENER as PERCY had been. "The lady I have so often mentioned to you of the name of HITCHENER has to our very great happiness departed." The mask was off! "We were entirely deceived in her character as to Republicanism, and in short everything else which she pretended to be," writes HARRIET elliptically. "She built all her hopes upon being able to separate me from my dearly loved PERCY, and had the artfulness to say that PERCY was really in love with her" (as he probably was for about a week), and "that it was only his being married which could keep her within bounds now. PERCY had seen her once before his marriage. He thought her sensible, but nothing more. . . . PERCY and ELIZA desire not to be forgotten." And presently ELIZA went where last year's roses go, where Miss HITCHENER had gone, where HARRIET was going, where EMILIA VIVIANI went, where every woman that SHELLEY adored and versified on was bound.

The star of the GODWINs rises, even in this first instalment of poor HARRIET's letters. SHELLEY had asked one of the GODWIN girls to stay with him before he knew the family, except by repute. GODWIN "would not let one of his children come to us just because he had not seen our faces. . . . We have seen the GODWINs; need I tell you that I love them all?" Oh, blind hearts of men! "There is one of the daughters of that dear MARY WOLSTONCROFT (*sic*) living with him. She is nineteen years of age; very plain, but very sensible. There is another daughter of hers who is now in Scotland." Then we learn that Mr. GODWIN keeps a bookseller's shop, which needs "immense capital." "They are sometimes very much pressed for enough ready money. GODWIN is very much taken with PERCY." And PERCY presently was very much taken in by GODWIN. And ready money was a little less "tight" in Godwinian circles. So Mrs. HARRIET requests Mrs. NUGENT to try to "stout" (steal?) away PERCY's unlucky MSS. from the still more unlucky printer. "I am afraid you will be obliged to use a little manœuvre to get them. In the first place, you can say you wish to look at them, and then you may be able to stout them away from him." Apparently the MSS. were all the security for payment that the printer had. The Shelleyan ideas of justice, philanthropy, and so forth were very prettily illustrated by the easy stratagem which HARRIET suggested to the female sage in a shop which was a furrier's.

They are funny letters and sad; for SHELLEY and HARRIET were only boy and girl, with all manner of nonsense in their heads, folly in their hearts, and ill fortune before them. But if ever a lady was a confiding, affectionate little creature, ready to back her lord in any romantic enterprise, ready to believe in him, whatever he did or did not do, that lady was HARRIET SHELLEY. She is SHELLEY's very counterpart, genius apart, and this amiable, kindly indiscreetness of hers makes her by far the most attractive figure in SHELLEY's set of philosophical PECKSNIPs, Brown Demons, and passionate young persons of free-and-easy life. More letters are to be published, and HARRIET may be shown in another light. So far she seems the ideal wife of the boy who deserted her, and then borrowed money from her for himself and his mistress; who forsook her living, reproached her dead, and sat and talked about virtue. Boys will be boys, but their boyishness does not often take these shapes.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE SUGAR BILL.

NOBODY can have been surprised, though a few may have been disappointed, when Mr. SMITH informed the House of the withdrawal, for this year, of the Sugar Convention Bill. The statement of last Monday night was, in fact, only an official confirmation of what had been said in a quite intelligible manner at an earlier period of the Session. Of the wisdom of the Government's decision there can be no doubt among its friends or its enemies. The Opposition may be, as Mr. GLADSTONE sufficiently indicated, annoyed at the loss of a subject for debate which offered them a more favourable opportunity than has come in their way, or is likely to come, for long. But they must at least acknowledge the wisdom of the decision which has deprived

them of their chance. They do acknowledge it by the anxiety they show to have some sort of debate after all.

The supporters of the Ministry need not be seriously disturbed at the triumph of the other side. On further consideration it will not appear very brilliant, even to the winners. The Sugar Convention Bill was introduced after much preliminary popular agitation and at the request of a considerable body of persons. The way had been prepared for it by negotiations with European Powers, from which it was made sufficiently clear that the abolition of the bounty system would have the approval of all of them except that one which, in matters of commerce and diplomacy, has borrowed from the Dutch the fault from which it was once free, as compared with them. France opposed the Convention, or at least took a course which amounted to opposition, and thereby made the friendly completion of the agreement almost impossible. When the Convention Bill was introduced, it was found that the danger of commercial trouble with France had greatly strengthened the hands of the Opposition. The rise in the price of sugar, though due to one of those combinations in the market which are becoming unpleasantly frequent, was unscrupulously represented as due to the Convention. Between merely factious opposition, economic pedantry, and the well-manipulated fears of tradesmen a clamour was raised against the Bill. At a somewhat late hour it was further discovered that the Free-trade orthodoxy of the Liberal-Unionists and of a few Conservatives had been offended by a measure to which they had not been openly unfavourable when first introduced, or, indeed, until it was seen to be more or less unpopular outside. With this prospect before them Ministers had no course but to withdraw the Bill, or make their mind up to devote a great portion of the remainder of the Session to forcing it through the House by efforts which, even if they had been successful, would have strained the Unionist alliance. What decision the Cabinet would take cannot have been doubtful for a moment. The Bill is not one for which it was advisable to run serious risks. It cannot become operative till preliminary arrangements with foreign Powers have been carried out, and may as well be passed next year as this. The case is, therefore, one in which there is no hurry; and even if time pressed, it is not to most of us obvious that the delivery of sugar-refiners from unfair competition is a duty so pressing that we should for its sake allow the main object for which the Cabinet exists to be imperilled. The postponement of the Bill till next year will have this further advantage, that it will give time for the enlightenment of the public. Unless the friends of the measure allow it to drop—in which case they can hardly complain of Ministerial want of zeal—there will be leisure and opportunity to make the real merits of the question clear, and to explain the exact value of the blatant opposition offered to the Sugar Convention by its Parliamentary enemies.

SCRAP-BOOKS.

THE passion for newspapers and books that cost very little and have nothing in them, which appears to have infected a part of the British public, is more mysterious than edifying. We are not sure whether there is or is not a periodical—facetiously "registered as a newspaper"—entitled, *eo nomine*, *Scraps*; but, whether there is or is not, there are half a dozen for which that would be the most appropriate title. And they not only exist, but they are read. There is one of them in particular, with a coloured wrapper, which may be seen any day during the sittings of the Law Courts in the hands of any and every boy whose function it is to sit in court and run and tell his master when some case is just going to be called on. These journals are partly made up of American jokes not exceeding three lines in length, and partly of articles reprinted without acknowledgment (and in defiance of the laws of copyright) from real newspapers, and rearranged in gobbets small enough to be suitable for deglutition by Board-school intellects. They also contain other brief passages, difficult to describe, but remarkable solely for their unspeakable inanity.

Closely akin to these productions, which constitute the only genuine and successful "new journalism," are the little books which drop from time to time mainly from the Leadenhall Press. Of such is a hideously red little volume entitled *blots and blemishes*, the title being printed without capitals, apparently on the principle that, if you

can be nothing else distinctive, you can always manage to be a little odd. The book, like its forerunners, consists of little disconnected maxims, to each of which is appended a burden. The burden is "save us," and each sentence is constructed to end with these words, as if an imperfect recollection of the Litany had hung about the unhappy compiler. There are eighty-two pages, with an average of five sentences, each denouncing a "blot," to each page. The only distinction between one and another that a somewhat careful investigation has succeeded in bringing to light is that, while all the sentences are absolutely and unsurpassably trivial, some of them are also intelligible. The first one is printed in italics. It says "from the wilful blindness of those who regard these moral bullets as paper pellets, and whose leathern hides are too thick to let in cold lead and—day—light: save us!" Who are those? Why should a blind man regard a moral bullet as a paper pellet? What is a moral bullet? Why should a blind man have a leathern hide? What thickness of leather will keep out cold lead? What difference can it make to a blind man whether his hide is too thick to let in daylight or not? And what on earth is this metaphor-mixer driving at? All these questions, be it observed, arise on the preface alone. The following specimens of blots and blemishes are taken from all parts of the collection:—"From the malicious celerity which runs about with the lie while Truth is putting on her boots, * *." (The asterisks mean "save us.") "From night-hawks, vipers, and skunks of all descriptions, * *." "From multitubular confessions and polygonal statements on oath, * *." "From an Education Code which compels uneducative cram, * *." "From everything that prevents Englishwomen from perfectly fulfilling their divine mission, * *." "From the shameless shams of the pretentious dinner-giving fiend, * *." "From that vast engine of national demoralization—the Turf; and the cesspool whose mephitic vapours taint the life-blood of England—the race-course, * *." "From temper in a woman and the want of it in a man, * *." "From naval fooleries and make-believe show-the-enemy-how-to-do-it manœuvres, * *." "From the barbarous battues that mean fear and wounds, and lingering death, to the most harmless, timid, and beautiful of God's creatures, * *." "From mutual admiration debating-societies, and all other manufactories of prigs, * *." "From boot and shoemakers, who somehow mistake brown paper for best leather, * *."

It is really melancholy, and rather alarming, to live in the same world with a person who thinks that any amount of this sort of stuff can possibly be worth money. Yet somebody writes it, somebody prints it, somebody binds it in red, somebody hopes to sell it, and it is believed apparently that somebody will give a shilling for it. It is difficult to say whether a human being with a mind is likely to feel most contempt for the mere commonplaces, like those about prigs and women's tempers, or for the expressions of some silly person's tastes, like those about pheasant-shooting and the Education Code (to which there are several references), or for merely unmeaning gibberish like multitubular confessions. Perhaps the last mentioned are a trifle the least offensive; but it is not really justifiable to print absolutely unmeaning nonsense, any more than it is profitable to scratch patterns with a stick in the dust by the roadside. The whole work seems to be a warning against the folly of teaching hopelessly dull people to read, write, and spell. Perhaps, also, it might be used as a reason for not giving votes to women. But it is pretty clear that this last use was not among those intended by the author.

MAD DOGS.

JUST before adjourning for the Whitsuntide Recess the London County Council passed a very sensible resolution in favour of muzzling dogs throughout the country. At first sight the Council may seem to have exceeded its functions by recommending what should be done outside the Metropolis. But the unfortunate Londoner—who has in this instance, at all events, been properly treated by his municipal representatives—is at the mercy of local authorities in various parts of these islands, over whom and whose caprices he can, of course, exercise no control. A recent Act of Parliament, passed when canine rabies was alarmingly prevalent, enables the Privy Council—usually the most futile of bodies—to make regulations upon a subject of vital importance to every class of society. The London

Council has called upon the Privy ditto to exercise its powers, and the HOME SECRETARY was in a position to state last Tuesday that this proposal was being actually discussed at Whitehall. All things considered, this must be reckoned as a very gratifying rate of progress in the official world. There would have been little excuse for surprise or disappointment if the clerks in the Privy Council Office had declined to desecrate the holiday season by paying any attention to the matter at all. It is obvious that, whatever rules are laid down for London, their value may be entirely destroyed by the importation of mad dogs from some part of the country where no precautions are taken against the disease. The capital is a *sentina canum*, a receptacle for dogs as well as men, of the lowest degree. Stray dogs are captured by the police. More than fifteen hundred of them were thus checked in their wild career last month. But any one of them may have done any amount of mischief before he is caught, and this is a danger against which merely metropolitan muzzling fails to provide. Rabies may be absolutely exterminated. Of that there can be no doubt. Its importation from abroad is not greatly to be dreaded. The mischief arises from a want of uniformity in our own arrangements. We muzzle in one place and not in another. Muzzling is enforced for a time in consequence of unreasoning panic, and then the compulsion is removed in consequence of equally unreasoning assurance. Far less than twenty years of resolute muzzling would make hydrophobia a thing of the past.

There is no special ground for alarm at the present moment; but the action of the County Council is not the less opportune on that account. Only twenty-three mad dogs had been destroyed in London by the police during the present year up to the end of May. Compared with the total number of dogs in London this will seem a small percentage. But, if one has regard in this to the amount of misery which one of these animals is capable of causing before its own sufferings are terminated by death, these twenty-three cases are twenty-three too many. A short letter in Wednesday's *Times* shows very clearly and forcibly what harm the negligence of local authorities can do. In many of the London suburbs muzzling is now the rule. But Richmond is an exception, being an oasis of freedom in a muzzled district. What is the result? More than two hundred and fifty deer had to be killed because a mad dog had bitten some of them, who communicated the contagion to the rest. A child has also been bitten, and is now at M. PASTEUR's Institute in Paris. It is criminal folly to permit this purely preventable evil. Of course there will be the usual outcry about "the friend of man" from people who are themselves the worst friends of the dog. The wire muzzle, which offers no obstacle to breathing or to drinking, will be denounced as a brutal instrument of torture. The Oriental eloquence of "OUIDA" will be poured without stint upon the head of every one who desires to save dogs as well as human beings from a horrible fate. But the edge of this invective has been blunted, and its force is spent. The public were so heartily sickened with it three years ago that they will pay very little attention to it in future. We trust that the PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL will himself take the question up, and insist on the request of the London Municipality being complied with. LORD CRANBROOK is a man of business, and not a sentimentalist. He cannot plead that he is overburdened with work, and his experience at the Home Office must have taught him the difficulty of obtaining united action without severe pressure. There may be some doubt as to the precise extent of the jurisdiction conferred by Parliament upon the Privy Council. But it is certain that the legal powers of the department are not exhausted, and until they have been the public, especially the London public, has a good right to complain.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN ON THE INDIAN PRINCES.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN is a person to whom it is nearly always good to listen when he talks about India. It is true that in his wholesome detestation of mealy-mouthedness he sometimes goes to the other extreme—an extreme which, in matters with which he is not thoroughly acquainted, is a little dangerous. But then he is thoroughly acquainted with India, and with nothing Indian is he more thoroughly acquainted than with the relations of the English Government there to the native States within and without the border. In the address which he delivered last Tuesday to the Colonial Institute, Sir LEPEL exhibited both his knowledge and his downright way of putting it.

Perhaps it might have been possible to find a method of enforcing the fact that the native Indian Princes are not models of patriarchal government equally forcible but less unconventional than the round description of certain of them by name as "tyrants" and "persecutors." In the first place, it is not likely to conciliate their affection to England that a high English official should call them so; and, in the second place, it is not creditable to England that they should be allowed to be so. If the Maharajah of CASHMERE "grinds Mahomedans to the dust" (the poor man in his recent letter to the VICEROY seems to regard himself much more as ground than grinder), if SCINDIA and HOLKAR persecute, and are hated by their Rajpoot subjects, the plain man would conclude, and we do not think that Sir LEPEL himself would deny, that it is, on the whole, rather more the fault of England than of these high personages themselves. But of the general truth of the lecturer's picture, and of the salutary character of that truth, there can be no doubt whatever. The popular view of the matter on the Continent, without exception, and in England among the Radical and neo-cosmopolitan parties to a great extent, is that of an armed and overbearing English military despotism, grinding the people, after turning out half, and while preparing to turn out the rest, of the immemorial NABOTHS who cultivate their vineyards in peace and quietness—a view sometimes varied by the supposition of a Nabothian conspiracy to avenge these wrongs by driving out the intruder, and flying into the arms of Russia. The fact, as Sir LEPEL showed, is that almost all the great native States of India are governed by intruders more modern and basing their claims more on *faustrecht* than the English Government itself; that, with certain exceptions, the people are infinitely worse governed than in the British provinces; and that the Princes themselves know perfectly well that independence is impossible, and that their change of British for any other over-lordship would be an exchange, if not of Log for Stork, yet of Stork with limited for Stork with unlimited appetite.

What will seem to some people the most practical, and to others the most visionary, of Sir LEPEL's remarks were those in which he urged the formation of a sort of Military Frontier, in Cashmere especially, but also, we should suppose, all over the North-West border. There is little doubt that the hill regions are excellently suited for such colonization, that there need be no injustice to and no difficulty with the present inhabitants, and that the prospect both of a fresh outlet for the English population and of a solid obstacle to invasion is tempting. There are, however, certain questions which, without prejudging the answers, may be advantageously stated. Would not the English colonist, who is always a difficult person to manage in large numbers, be particularly difficult to manage under a Government which is obliged to proceed towards the majority of its subjects on the methods of benevolent despotism? Would not the apparent ousting of the natives give alarm to those tribes, just beyond the frontier, whose good will is of so much importance to us, and on conciliating whom so much labour has been wisely spent of late? Might not this same feeling of being pushed out extend over India, where at present one of the main buttresses of English rule is the sense of security from disturbance? Let it be observed that we answer none of these questions, or of the others which are riders to them, in the affirmative; we only suggest that they are very well worth consideration.

WHAT TO DO WITH THEIR MONEY.

ON Wednesday morning the civilized world learnt with breathless interest that on the preceding evening Citizen CARNEGIE, of the United States of America, had had the privilege of entertaining Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE at dinner, that Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE had had the privilege of dining with Citizen CARNEGIE, and that one of the large new hotels had had the privilege of being the scene of the historic banquet. That part of the civilized world which makes itself acquainted with the contents of the *North American Review* had a few days previously been informed what Citizen CARNEGIE thinks a very rich man ought to do with his wealth. It is seldom that we have so complete a practical sermon upon anybody's responsibilities as this fortunate conjunction of authoritative announcements as to what Citizen CARNEGIE thinks he ought to do, and what he does.

It will—or should—be remembered that Citizen CARNEGIE

is a person of Scotch origin, believed to have passed across the Western billow because his free and independent soul refused to let his manly form enjoy itself on the same island with a Queen and Royal Family. Beyond the billow he "struck ile," figuratively or actually, and became, and is believed still to be, exceedingly rich. He devotes a part of his immense resources to frequent sojourns in this island, where his name constantly, like Mr. CRUMPLES's, somehow or other gets put into the papers. He professes extremely Radical opinions, and has written, with the assistance of a person who was more accustomed to that sort of thing than he is himself, a book proving how much more free, independent, and self-satisfied a person may expect to be in a large continent than in a middle-sized island. The inference seems to be that there is something demoralizing in the neighbourhood of the sea. Heaven knows what Mr. SWINBURNE would say to such a theory, and it does not much matter. For these and other services Citizen CARNEGIE has been made free of the city of Edinburgh, the honorary burgess-roll of which city will before long be an unusually choice document.

The views of such a man—whether avowed by himself or inferred by the spectators of his conduct—as to the duty of the very rich cannot fail to be interesting. Citizen CARNEGIE's views are, that the object of such persons ought to be to "bring 'Peace on earth; among men goodwill.'" To this end he holds it to be of the utmost importance that no restriction should be placed upon the acquisition of gigantic fortunes or upon the right of their owners to keep them when they have got them. The millionaire, says the Citizen, is morally bound to spend his wealth for the good of the community, and more especially of the poor. But he can do this much more effectually himself than any one else can do it for him. Such a man may be described as "a trustee of the poor; entrusted for a season [or, in 'prose, for the term of his natural life] with a great 'part of the increased wealth of the community, but [mark this!] administering it for the community far better than 'it could or would have done for itself.'" As to the specific method of administering the community's wealth for it the Citizen makes one suggestion in his article. "The best 'means of benefiting the community is to place within its 'reach the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise—'parks, and means of recreation, by which men are helped 'in body and mind; works of art, certain to give pleasure 'and improve the public taste; and public institutions of 'various kinds, which will improve the general condition 'of the people.'" This is a beautiful text; but, in order fully to appreciate its beauty, it is necessary to study it with the commentary which Citizen CARNEGIE's actions supply. A dinner given to a peripatetic orator, and duly chronicled in the morning papers, is not exactly a park; but it is clearly a ladder upon which the aspiring—urged by natural sympathy and emulation—can rise; it is a means of recreation to the orator, and helps him in body (if the cookery is good) and mind; it gives pleasure, and improves the public taste; in short, such feasts, so chronicled, occupy the resources of the millionaire in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. This is being a trustee for the people—particularly for the poor.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE confident reports and the equally confident denials as to a military convention between Serbia and Russia belong to the general system of alarm-bells which has been ringing through Europe for years, and should not be considered apart from it. We have, indeed, at last a positive declaration that there is not a shadow of foundation either for the report of the convention or for the report of Austrian interference, it being added (which, indeed, is true enough, though not wholly conclusive) that the Berlin Treaty makes such a proposal on the part of Russia impossible. On the other hand, every item of intelligence shows that the Progressist or Austrian party in Serbia is, for the time, in a state of the greatest depression, the violence used towards its leader, M. GARASHANINE, being but too significant, and having, it would appear, made its significance only too well comprehended. It is thus perfectly true that Serbia is now under the rule of men who, if not actually instruments of Russia, look Russiawards. It is also perfectly true that the famous expression of the Czar towards Montenegro was quite capable of being interpreted as a hint to Serbia to be a little more active in her friendship towards Russia, unless

she wants "our provinces"—to wit, Bosnia and the Herzegovina and Pristina—to be handed over to Prince NICHOLAS, and not to King ALEXANDER, in the day of the next dividing of Balkan goods among the robbers. But it was hard, even before the denial, to think that a military convention—in other words, a putting of the military forces of Servia under Russian control—could have been seriously contemplated, Berlin Treaty or no Berlin Treaty. And it is quite clear that, if any such thing had been contemplated, the energetic hints which were said to have been given from Vienna would have been neither unreasonable in themselves nor given a day too soon. In the first place, even if Austria had no sympathies or antipathies in any part of her own Empire to consult, she could not think for a moment of allowing such a thing; and, in the second place, even if she could so think, Hungary would not permit her. To have the south bank of the Danube from Racsá to Orsova turned into a Russian garrison would set every Magyar's blood in a ferment; and Vienna might have more trouble with Buda-Pesth than even with St. Petersburg. It is sometimes forgotten, moreover, that Austria can speak to Montenegro and to Servia in a very forcible way if she chooses. She has plenty of troops close at hand to both; while Russia can only get at Montenegro by sea, and cannot get at Servia till she has either cajoled or forced a passage through Roumania. Unless, therefore, the Czar has made up his mind to declare war with all and sundry in favour of Pan-Slavism, it would be rash of Montenegro and rasher of Servia to push Austria to extremities; while, even if he has so made up his mind, the two States might meet with very unpleasant experiences before he could help them.

If the Servian Government has given definite assurances of good behaviour to its Northern neighbour (which is possible), Russian machinations have received something of a blow—a blow echoed in a different fashion from the other end of the Turkish Empire. The rage of those humanitarians whose anxiety is, not that a horrible story should be proved false, but that it should be proved true, against somebody they do not like, will be greatly excited if the news from Armenia be confirmed. According to this, certain notable Armenians have informed the Porte that all the famous legends against MOUSSA BEY (which appear to be believed chiefly because a newspaper Correspondent told other stories, also unproved, against the same person twelve years ago) are unfounded; a reconciliation has been effected between the Turkish Government and the Patriarch, and all is going as merry as marriage bells—as marriage bells, let us say, at which they do not boil the brides. One can imagine Professor BALOONATICS CRANIOCRACS expressing his disgust at these hereditary bondsmen, who will not testify to atrocities when they have the chance, as well as at Servia for deferring to the general enemy Austria, instead of to the mild and beneficent friend Russia. But he need not be too much discouraged, for there are more strings than one or two to the Muscovite bow. Meanwhile, the determination of Austria to continue putting her military house in order is of the best augury for the continuance of peace. Austria can hardly be too strong for the general welfare of Europe, and certainly she cannot be too wide-awake. Her greatest danger at present really lies in Roumania, not in Servia, which, as has been explained, can only be a great danger if Roumania is one already.

But no sooner has the business of the manufacturer in political "shaves" received a slight check in Servia and Armenia than it shifts to Crete. A more edifying instance of cobweb-spinning than the latest story in reference to that island (it would seem that a famous old failing of the Cretans has extended to those who talk about them) it would be difficult to find. Perfidious Albion—for, by one of those odd turns which make the study of politics so infinitely amusing to fit students, it is in Germany rather than in France that Albion is now perfidious—has for some time past, it seems, been scheming to get possession of Crete in return for support to the SULTAN on the Armenian question. The SULTAN—who, indeed, might well think that Crete is more trouble than good to him—was (still on this authority) very much disposed to give Crete to England, and the arrangements had been made between the Government, the Mediterranean fleet, and the Roman Correspondent of the *Times* for the occupation. Then that *vir pietate gravis* the Emperor of GERMANY steps in and advises the SULTAN not to do so, and the SULTAN does not. This is the kind of thing which the lovers of private information demand, and which they get. If it were not a decidedly interesting specimen of

its kind, the story, of course, would be beneath, not merely contempt, but notice. The inventor may have meant well. There is, indeed, no reason why Crete should not belong to England some day, and there are many why it should, if the Porte unluckily should become unable to hold it. The connexion of the island with Greece is only another of the numerous crazes of Professor CRANIOCRACS. There is no argument for bestowing Crete upon Greece which would not, with even greater force, compel Italy to strip herself of Sicily and the whole of the southern part of the Peninsula, France to request King GEORGE kindly to send triremes to take over Marseilles, and even that great defender of nationalities and restorer of stolen goods, his Imperial Majesty the Czar, to pursue the same course in regard to Kertch. On the other hand, the jealousy now existing between the two chief Mediterranean naval Powers would rise to agony point if either France or Italy possessed Crete; while Russia is out of the question. Crete in English hands would be a menace to no one, a security of good government to the inhabitants, and a convenient addition to the present chain of English posts in the Middle Sea. The obliging writer in the *Kreuz Zeitung*, no doubt, meant all this, and it is quite arguable. But all the rest is, of course, mere moonshine-cobweb spun out of the fact of the Cyprus Convention and its consideration, the supposed enmity of the German EMPEROR to his mother's country, the reports of recent disturbances in Crete, and so forth. It is a fair specimen of the way in which these reports are manufactured, and also of the way in which any tolerably competent person can deconstruct them again, can refer all the parts to the separate sources from which the ingenious canard-monger took them—can, in short, dissect the bird quite scientifically. The one sole fact of importance in reference to the perpetual flights of similar fowl on the Eastern question is the vague, but well-founded and incurable, anxiety which gives them wing. Of that there is unfortunately no doubt at all. The rest is accounted for by a state of morality on the one hand, and of intelligence on the other, which is very happily described by a phrase in the *Times'* account of the racing at Ascot, which falls under our eyes as we write:—"That thoroughly exposed public performer Veracity." Alas! it would certainly seem as if this contemptuous estimate of the public performances of Veracity both at home and abroad were not limited to Veracity with four legs.

THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

WHEN the police-agent WOHLGEMUTH was expelled from Switzerland the other day, the German Government was overtaken with a fit of anger too unreasonable for continuance. This must be said, even though the expulsion of WOHLGEMUTH was incompletely justified. It may be that the Swiss Government took too severe a view of his offences as a "police spy" who made it his business to concoct evidence against German refugees in Switzerland. But granting that Prince BISMARCK had some right to complain on that score (though we do not know enough of the matter to say whether he had or not), there can be no doubt that in his vexation he proceeded to raise a most unreasonable demand. The Swiss Federal Council was asked to refuse asylum—that is to say, the right to live on Swiss soil—to every foreigner unprovided with papers signed by the officials of his own Government. That is what the German demand came to; and, being of that nature, it is difficult to believe that it was seriously preferred. A sudden blaze of wrath may account for it; but when the flame died down the German Government itself must have seen that it could not possibly be granted, and ought never to have been made. The Swiss Government would not deserve to exist for a day after submission to so presumptuous a demand; and certainly would not, whatever its deserts. The impossibility of submission, the certainty that the Swiss Federation would risk its neutrality privileges and fight the whole German Empire rather than submit, ought to have been apparent at once, as well as the inconvenience of withdrawing an arrogant request in consideration of the hazards of enforcing it. However, the thing was done, apparently; and that it should have been done is significant of much.

No harm will come of it, however; or so we may hope. Good will come of it rather, if the Switzers and the peoples of other free countries are brought to a clearer under-

standing and acknowledgment that the "right of asylum" is capable of great abuse. In these days we can see no diminution of belief in the divine right of assassination for political purposes, no decline of the doctrine that revolution for righteousness' sake may be lawfully hastened by arson and murder. On the contrary, the latter half of the nineteenth century is illustrated by new growths of that belief, of sympathy with those who venture to put it into practice, and of commiseration with them when they suffer for their offences. Therefore it becomes a more pressing duty upon all who wield the rod of government to sustain the universal law against notions and practices so false, so wicked, and so ruinous; and not merely out of fear, not only because of "the growing strength and renown of its more powerful military neighbours," the Swiss Federal Council will probably find a way of regulating the "right of asylum" by the enforcement of other rights equally just and wholesome. No Government can reasonably expect to camp its police in a neighbouring country, with liberty to carry off or point out for expulsion any of its fugitive subjects who may be accused of political wickedness. But every Government has a right to expect that every other will rigorously enforce its own laws against the contrivance of overt and violent hostility against the rulers of a friendly State. It is certainly not an honourable thing, nor in the long run can it be a convenient one, for any country to be an asylum for political murderers; and they must be aware of this who, like a recent writer in the *Daily News*, pardon the United States Government for never taking action against "the ruffians who undoubtedly plotted on American soil the destruction of English towns and the slaughter of English citizens," on the ground that "neither Great Britain nor the United States are surrounded by countries seething with disaffection and groaning under ruinous taxation for military purposes." The Englishman may make this excuse; but no high-minded American can be satisfied with it, or anything like it. He knows the shame, and we know the injury; and, proud as the Swiss may be of a right of asylum which has been a blessing to liberty in Europe for many a generation, not all of them can feel ennobled by the presence and the protection of mere political assassins. That such persons do harbour in Switzerland is well known; but yet they must be regarded as suspects only, and thence arises the very great difficulty of dealing with them. However, it seems pretty clear that the Swiss Federal Council, alarmed by the remonstrances of the German and Russian Governments, proposes to take the question in hand more seriously than it has ever yet been persuaded to do. According to all accounts, it has promised to make "a careful examination into the organization of the police department which has specially to do with foreigners"; an examination which we can fancy a very needful one. In the next place, the Federal Government proposes not only to reform but to "centralize" this department, and to appoint an Attorney-General of the Confederation, whose business will be to prosecute "any refugees whose acts may be considered dangerous to international peace or the security of foreign Governments." It seems to us that with these concessions the two Powers ought to be well content. They comprise an implicit acknowledgment that there may be just grounds of complaint; and the only thing to be feared is, that such machinery of inquiry and prosecution as the Council proposes to establish may be appealed to by the despotic Governments a little too often and a little too much. That, however, is a point for the Swiss themselves to consider; and the whole question will have to be debated in the Federal Assembly before the proposed new regulations become law.

Whatever the outcome, we may expect that the two Governments which, to the great pleasure of one of them, have allied themselves in this matter will not allow it to drop till they have obtained some measure of satisfaction. They have long been agreed that the "right of asylum"—not only as it is permitted in Switzerland, but in other countries, including our own—ought to be limited. It has been a grief to both for years—a grief which from time to time has passed into exasperation. The irrepressibility of Nihilism in Russia, the constant advance in Germany of a very resolute and malignant form of Socialism, have stirred the Governments of both countries to more "representation" and remonstrance, even here in England, than is generally known or than needed publication. With the consciousness of military strength the disposition to complain has naturally become more urgent; and the combina-

tion of Germany and Russia in addressing Switzerland only makes good in a small way what has been often threatened on a broader scale. We have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that no Government has any just cause of complaint against us in this matter. The municipal law of England is security enough against those who, whether native or foreign, are detected in conspiring to destroy a friendly Government or its institutions; and the fate of Most signalizes the way in which our law Courts are empowered to deal with the instigators of political murder. The *North German Gazette* has indeed been good enough to contrast our conduct handsomely with that of Switzerland. Nevertheless, a fact it is that neither the Russian nor the German Government is quite satisfied with us. They think that we, too, extend the right of asylum too far; and therefore we are not uninterested in what they demand of Switzerland, or what Switzerland may concede. Neither is it a matter of complete insignificance that on one point of extreme importance in the eyes of both Governments Russia and Germany are in close accord.

A PRACTICAL MAN ON THE RULES OF PARLIAMENT.

IT is not surprising that Mr. CHARLES BRADLAUGH should have an intimate acquaintance with the details of Parliamentary procedure. There are few "rules of the House" which the junior member for Northampton has failed to try by the practical test of experience. He has sat and voted while disqualified by law. He has administered the oath to himself, with the assistance, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL said, "of a book alleged to be a Testament." He has come inside the Bar when he ought to have been outside it, and advanced to the Table without waiting for an invitation from the SPEAKER. He has danced up and down the floor in the company of the late Serjeant-at-Arms, and on one occasion sacrificed—*vile damnum*—a stylographic pen in a desperate encounter with the myrmidons of a majority. Since he became a full member of Parliament, whose rights there are none to dispute, Mr. BRADLAUGH has developed into a very active Parliamentarian, and, as the doorkeeper said of the Irish members, a "regular sitter." His *Rules, Customs, and Procedure of the House of Commons*, published by Messrs. SWAN SONNENSCHN, is a useful and serviceable little book. About half of it is occupied with a reprint of all the Standing Orders which relate to public business. The introductory pages, however, contain as much as most people want to know about the working of the machine whose operations are unfortunately apt to be most conspicuous when they are least respectable. Mr. BRADLAUGH states at the outset that he does not aspire to follow Mr. HATSELL and Sir ERSKINE MAY in dealing with the general law and practice of Parliament. Mr. HATSELL is more pillaged by historians than consulted by the public at large. Sir ERSKINE MAY suffered from the unusual complaint of knowing too much about his subject. It may seem paradoxical, but it is true, that the best expositors are not always the most learned students. There is such a thing as inability to understand the position of an ignoramus, and such inability is an obvious disqualification for enlightening him. When GARRICK was asked in the witness-box the meaning of a "free benefit," he could only stare and gasp. "A free benefit," said the great actor, "is a free benefit. I cannot make it any plainer." He could not put himself into his questioner's state of mind, or realize the possibility of not knowing that "free" meant exempt from the expenses of the performance. Many a hasty seeker after truth in consulting the late Lord FARNBOROUGH's ponderous tome must have felt that the author thoroughly understood what he was unable clearly to communicate. Mr. BRADLAUGH is straightforward, business-like, and to the point. Any intelligent person can find out from him what the practice is in regard to most of the points which are suggested by the Parliamentary reports in the newspapers. Too small to be exhaustive, the book is large enough for the ordinary purposes of life.

Perhaps the most striking fact in Parliamentary life is that chance alone controls the arrangement of private members' business in the House of Commons. Mondays and Thursdays, as well as all morning sittings specially appointed, are at the disposal of the Government, which tends to encroach more every year upon the remainder of the week. The position of Bills is determined by ballot at

the beginning of the Session, that of motions by a similar process enacted daily, and extending for a month. The new rule is that, after Whitsuntide, private members' Bills shall take precedence in the order of their advancement. Committees before second readings, and so forth, is the only qualification of the rule that these things should be settled by tossing up—or, rather, by drawing out. Such a system obviously could not last, were it not for the almost universal impression that Bills introduced by private members are mere crotchets, sometimes harmless, sometimes mischievous, but never pressing. A private member's motion might conceivably result in the defeat of a Ministry, a dissolution of Parliament, or even a declaration of war. As a matter of fact, it usually leads to a desultory conversation, followed, if it be not indefinitely adjourned, and if the motion itself be not withdrawn, by a division, of which the result can easily be predicted within ten or twenty votes. Amendments to the Address are more serious; for so lately as January 1886 a famous one moved by Mr. JESSE COLLINGS displaced the first Administration of Lord SALISBURY. But we quite agree with Mr. BRADLAUGH that the debate on the Address has grown to be nothing short of a gigantic nuisance. It is right and proper that, as was the case in former days, the policy of the Government, especially as regards foreign affairs, should be criticized at the meeting of Parliament. But it was never intended, and it is not conducive to the despatch of "divers urgent and important public affairs," that all sorts of hobbies should be tacked on by way of addition, and that three weeks should be consumed in a discussion which ought not to occupy more than two days. Mr. BRADLAUGH appears, by a curious omission, to have ignored his own Act, which was passed last Session, and which permits any member to make an affirmation in lieu of an oath, if an oath has, as such, no binding effect upon his conscience, or is, according to his religious belief, unlawful. Formerly only Quakers were permitted to dispense with the oath, as was settled in Mr. BRADLAUGH's own case. Whatever may be thought of the way in which Mr. BRADLAUGH made history, he is modest enough in writing it.

RADICALS AND COAL-DUTIES.

MANY things, we know, are possible to conscious virtue which minds not fortified by that support might find some difficulty in reconciling with the scruples of good faith and the obligations of fair play. Hence, no doubt, it was that Mr. PICKERSGILL and those other Radical metropolitan members who carry the "will of the people" of London in their pockets had so little difficulty in making two distinct attempts last Wednesday to get rid of the Coal-duties Abolition Bill in violation of a distinct understanding entered into only a month ago. The earlier of these two attempts was concealed under the disguise of that anxious solicitude for regularity of Parliamentary procedure which at times so opportunely possesses that political party who display the greatest ingenuity and the least hesitation in abusing the rules of the House. Of course every one knew that Mr. SMITH's motion to suspend the Standing Order as to the hour of adjourning Wednesday debates on opposed business was one imperatively called for by the necessities of the case. The Coal-duties Abolition Bill, if it is to pass at all, must become law by the end of the first week of July; and in order that this should be possible, it was absolutely necessary that the motion for referring it, as agreed upon, to a Select Committee should be carried before the House rose on Wednesday evening. Yet, because the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, through an inadvertence, for which he made ample apology, had omitted to give notice on Tuesday night of the intended motion to suspend the Standing Order on the following day, those sticklers for strict adherence to Parliamentary formalities, Mr. STUART, Mr. PICKERSGILL, Mr. ROWLANDS, and others, felt it their duty to raise and sustain a debate of considerable length on Mr. SMITH's motion at the beginning of business on Wednesday, with the obvious view of making it difficult, if not impossible, to complete on that day the stage through which the Bill was passing, and so to hamper the Government in their efforts to get it through Parliament within the prescribed time.

Mr. SMITH's motion, however, was after much waste of time adopted; and when at a later hour of the evening Sir JOSEPH PEASE moved his pre-arranged instructions to the Committee, opposition to the measure took an open and un-

disguised form. The instructions, it may be well to remark, were drafted strictly in the terms suggested by the Chairman of Committees on the 22nd of May, which it was thoroughly understood at the time that both parties would accept. To Mr. PICKERSGILL, however, it now seemed good to endeavour to limit the terms of a reference to which the sponsor of the Bill and, it was supposed, the whole body of his supporters on the Opposition side of the House had agreed. Mr. PICKERSGILL holds, as does the distinguished Mr. FIRTH, and the accomplished Mr. STUART, and the broad-minded Mr. ROWLANDS, that the Select Committee should have no power to inquire into anything but the bare legal right of the Corporation to impose Coal-duties; that they should take no cognizance of any equities arising in connexion with the liabilities incurred by the Corporation in carrying out a great work of public utility—the Holborn Valley improvement—on the security of these duties; and, generally, that the Committee should not be authorized to investigate what Mr. PICKERSGILL chooses to call the "moral claims of the City" in the matter of taxation, which are indeed the moral claims, so far as they can be proved to exist, of public faith and public policy, as concerned in the work of municipal administration, by whatsoever body performed. This last part of the reference Mr. PICKERSGILL described as the question whether or not the coal of the metropolis should continue to be taxed by the Corporation, and protested against its being reopened after it had been "already decided by the people of London through their representatives on the County Council." No doubt we shall hear a good deal from time to time—the constitution of this body being what it is—of matters which have been "decided by the people of London through their representatives"; but we trust that Government and Parliament will be in no hurry to accept the view of all such matters on the mere assertion of such "leaders of men" as the member for Bethnal Green. In the particular case in question, as it happens, the proposition is one of the most questionable character. The fact that a Radical majority on the Council, full of the foolish Radical spite against the Corporation, has declared that the Coal-duties ought to be abolished, is not even *prima facie* evidence that the maintenance of these duties is opposed to the interest of the metropolis at large. It is not even at all certain that the London poor, the class of whom this majority affect the special patronage—in public, that is to say, for we do not notice any special generosity in their private dealings—would gain a penny by the abolition of the duties; while it is more than probable that the ratepayers at large will suffer in other ways to considerably more than the amount of the remitted impost. These, however, are emphatically questions into which a Select Committee should be authorized to inquire; and the fact that Mr. PICKERSGILL and "those about him" regard such an authorization with misgiving is really a fact of very small importance—as, indeed, the House, if we may judge by the figures of the division list on Mr. PICKERSGILL's amendment, appeared to think.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

THE Cruelty to Children Prevention Bill is a Bill which every humane man will regard with favour, but pass with caution, and only after careful examination. Its intention is excellent. To defend children from cruel ill-usage at the hand of those whose duty it is to protect them is what we should all like to do. Also there can, we should imagine, be few civilized beings so callous as not to be ready to save children from being employed in a species of debasing slavery, in order that their idle, drunken parents may live in squalid ease on the proceeds of their work. The difficulty, however, is just how to effect these excellent objects without also interfering with perfectly legitimate forms of industry, and throwing a yet heavier burden on the honest and industrious poor. A moment's consideration will show how easily the philanthropist, with the best intentions in the world, could deprive quite decent people of part of the poor means they have of making both ends meet. If boys under fourteen and girls under sixteen are to be prohibited from hawking articles for sale in the street, it is not only the little mendicant who makes a pretence of selling rubbish, which no sane person would think of buying, who will be swept away, but the shoeblack, the newspaper-boy, and the flower-girl also. Now these

may not be very useful forms of industry, but, after all, not a few of the lieges contrive to keep out of the workhouse by means of them. The problem for the philanthropist is, in short, how not to do harm which will compensate for the good he effects.

The difficulty of the task is in this, as in many cases, no excuse for not attempting to perform it. Nothing would ever be done in this world if people allowed themselves to be scared by possible consequences. Nevertheless, some regard for probable results must be shown by the best intentioned of reformers. We cannot say that much regard was shown by the promoters of the Bill on Wednesday afternoon. In spite of the amendments introduced into it by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the Bill may, if it is passed, be found to have an edge for the deserving as well as the undeserving. The clause which prohibits the employment of children to play music in the street for the purpose of obtaining charity looks very well. But may it not deprive a certain—not a large, but an appreciable—number of children of the means by which they earn an honest livelihood, and that, as Mr. MACLEAN pointed out, without providing them with an equivalent? Again, it looks very right to forbid the employment of children at night in places licensed for the sale of liquors. But here, again, there is a question to be asked. Will the Bill prevent the employment of children in theatres? This is a subject on which a great deal of cant is talked. There are well-meaning people who would like to prevent the practice altogether. Sensible people know very well, however, that the children so employed belong to the theatrical population, and are, in fact, being trained to the work by which they will have to live. In sober truth, the best thing for them is to begin their training early. They ought to be protected from ill-usage, as all animals, human or other, ought to be. It is a curious kind of protection, however, which will compel them to suffer a greater degree of poverty than they do at present. For, after all, there is force in Mr. MACLEAN'S inquiry, What is to be done with the children who are not allowed to work? If the State takes their earnings from them, will it give them anything in their place? At present it offers nothing beyond extended opportunities of attending the Board schools. Even for the victims of disreputable parents the Bill might only make bad worse—which is not, we presume, the intention of its supporters. For the rest, there is a certain cowardice in this appeal for more stringent laws against childish mendicancy. This is already an offence punishable without further legislation, if what we have already were only properly enforced. Indeed, it is difficult to find examples of the downright ill-usage of children which are not already punishable offences. If they are not properly visited with chastisement, it is because there is nobody to put the law in motion, or evidence cannot be obtained. We do not see that this will be notably improved by the Bill now before the House. Our doubt as to the value of the measure is, in truth, just this—that, while it will weigh heavily on some of the more honest of those who have to fight together to keep a roof over their heads, it will be no additional terror to those who already evade the law, trusting to their obscurity or their dexterity in keeping out of the way. Childish mendicancy would be stopped, as it is, if those who are annoyed by it would act as they are legally entitled to do, or if the young offenders were not well trained to avoid the police. Will that be less the case if the Bill becomes an Act? Therefore, with every respect for the motives of its introducer and supporters, we cannot regard the Bill as likely to do any particular good, or as not sure to do some mischief.

THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

THE Government have, on the whole, no reason to be dissatisfied with the debate on the second reading of the Scotch Universities Bill. They probably expected, or at least, if they did not, they have gained little from their experience of human nature, that the proposed grant to the Universities would be complained of as insufficient. And let us admit that a sum of 42,000*l.* a year to be apportioned among four Universities is not magnificent. But statutory appropriations of money to academic purposes may, it was doubtless felt by the framers of the Bill, prove elastic enough in Committee; and the Consolidated Fund—if we may be excused a metaphor recalling too much, perhaps, of the imagery of Mr. BUMBLE—is a “strong ass,” which can be made to bear many burdens. If, therefore, the

Government have assessed the grant to the Scotch Universities with an eye to the probability that whatever sum they named would be pronounced inadequate, and that it would be better for them to be called upon to make an advance on a smaller than on a larger sum, their procedure, if conceived somewhat in the spirit of the Oriental negotiator, is not to be severely reprehended. If the pressure put upon them by the Scotch members under the lead of Mr. BRYCE should result in their being compelled to be “a little more liberal in their grants,” they will perhaps reflect with satisfaction that they have consulted economy by putting the sum low to begin with, and have displayed generosity by increasing it. And if through this combination of prudence and pliability the Scotch Universities get an increase of their subvention, it is certainly not in these pages that any complaint will be heard.

Criticism of the non-financial portions of the measure expended itself chiefly on the constitution of the Commission—a matter on which a good deal more will, no doubt, be heard in Committee. Mr. BRYCE'S objections to it—we call them Mr. BRYCE'S because, though they were echoed by other Scotch members, they undoubtedly came with a great deal more authority from him than from any one else—are, in effect, that it is too large, and that it is not a sufficiently expert body. The obscurity of most of its members—that defect which provoked such happy and tasteful sarcasm from the world-renowned Mr. WALLACE—does not, in itself, apparently offend Mr. BRYCE. Indeed, it could hardly do so, as he admitted, in language which ought to be memorable among the school to which he belongs, that the “high ability and reputation” of those persons whom Governments select for the (sometimes gratuitous) revolutionizing of University systems may be naught; that the high ability may be as sounding brass and the great reputation as a tinkling cymbal, and that, as happened in the case of Oxford, the able and distinguished persons may turn out a scheme which creates a “general feeling among University reformers”—(reformers! think of that!)—that “it would have been better if the Commission had never been appointed and its ordinances had never been passed.” And, added Mr. BRYCE, “if such were the results of a Commission incomparably superior to the one proposed, what could be expected from the latter?” Very few, he complained, of the names of its designated members were those of persons who had any special knowledge of or sympathy with Scottish Universities, and the whole character and experience of the Commission were wholly inadequate. At the risk, however, of shocking Mr. BRYCE, we will hazard the conjecture that possibly—we do not say certainly; for that depends a good deal upon individual predominances on the Commission itself—the qualifications which Mr. BRYCE desiderates may not be any more indispensable than those of which Mr. WALLACE so strongly deprecates the absence. In other words, it may quite conceivably prove that the alleged “want of sympathy” on the part of the Commissioners may be no more real obstacle to their efficiency than the fact that the names of many of them have not had the honour of an *entrée* into the field of Mr. WALLACE'S cognizance; that the supposed defect may, in fact, be their protection against that excessive amenability to the “ideas” of “University reformers” which was the stumbling-block of the Oxford Commission.

MR. BALFOUR ON “BASTARD FEDERALISM.”

IT is so long since either Mr. GLADSTONE or his followers have given Unionists an opportunity, or even an excuse, for discussing anything but breeches and battering-rams in connexion with the government of Ireland, that there is quite a pleasing novelty about the speech which Mr. BALFOUR delivered the other night in presiding at the annual dinner of the Constitutional Union. Whether Gladstonians will find it as refreshing as we do is another question. Possibly it may send them back again in despair to the battering-rams and breeches; it certainly yields them no encouragement to abide in a region of controversy where such matters as Federal Constitutions and the relations of the constituent peoples to each other come under discussion. For, in fact, a more disconcerting reception than Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest incursion into this domain has met with it would be difficult to imagine; and his case seems the harder because, after all, he cannot be supposed to have

willingly challenged such a discomfiture. His declaration of his definite abandonment of the proposal to exclude Irish members from the Imperial Parliament under his next Home Rule scheme can only have been made with a strictly party purpose; it was an announcement on Schnadhorstian principles of something that he meant to *do*, and not of anything which he was at the moment prepared to defend; and he may possibly take it rather ill of Mr. BALFOUR that he should have so unkindly seized on this declaration, and have made it the text for an absolutely destructive exposure of the "bastard Federalism" which is the new Gladstonian substitute for a more undisguised form of disintegration. No more mercilessly effective criticism of this precious political nostrum has been heard since the Home Rule controversy. No wonder the *Daily News* found Mr. BALFOUR "dull"—as it would certainly have found him "flippant" if he had been lively. His speech was calculated to be most depressing to the mind of every Gladstonian critic, and must, indeed, have driven this particular critic into a species of melancholy madness before he could have penned such a sentence as that "it would be difficult to imagine any position more preposterous than the hypothesis that Irishmen have no right to determine through their elected representatives the destinies of their 'native land'—a sentence which takes us all the way to Cincinnati in a moment, and leaves its bemused author without a word of valid objection to oppose to the demand of Irishmen 'through their elected representatives' for the severance of the 'last link' which binds their 'native land' to ours.

Strange, however, and incredible as it may seem to Gladstonians who talk this sort of rubbish about the "rights of 'Irishmen,'" it is nevertheless the fact that we also—we Englishmen—have a native land; and Mr. BALFOUR's speech most opportunely recalls attention to the neglected fact. If, as he observes, we are going to have Scotland and Ireland, and possibly Wales, all hard at work determining their destinies through their elected representatives to their separate Parliaments, England must, of course, have her own separate Parliament wherein to determine her own destinies. This, perhaps, will be conceded to her; indeed, Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. ASQUITH have been good enough to intimate that they will not insist upon Irishmen being allowed to manage exclusively English as well as exclusively Irish affairs. England will have her own Home Rule Parliament, and when she has therein settled her private affairs—those private affairs which Mr. GLADSTONE holds that the "wit of man" is unable to discriminate from what are not her private affairs—she will meet Scotland, Ireland, and possibly Wales, in an Imperial Assembly, and proceed with them to discuss Imperial affairs. And if and when she finds herself outvoted by Scotch, Irish, and Welsh votes on some Imperial matter which appears to a majority of Englishmen—in other words, to the majority of a people who numbers three-fourths of the population of the United Kingdom—to be vital to her prosperity, or even her existence as a nation, she will quietly acquiesce in her own annihilation to oblige the false Imperial majority formed by a combination of an English minority with the Scots, Irish, and Welsh aforesaid. That, and nothing less than that, is the assumption which the new Gladstonian Home Rule requires in order to make it a workable system, and that was the assumption which Mr. BALFOUR so ruthlessly demolished. The crowning monstrosity which it involved was admirably exhibited by him in his sketch of the two Administrations which might confront each other in the Federal Assembly—one an Imperial Ministry, retained in power by a very small working majority of the Imperial Assembly; the other, sitting opposite them, it is to be supposed, on the Front Opposition Bench, a Ministry returned by a very large majority of the English nation as distinct from the Scotch and Irish nations. Well might Mr. BALFOUR ask whether, apart from the mere rough, brutal, obvious danger that the people which forms three-fourths of the whole in number and four-fifths in wealth would simply refuse assent to its own political extinction—well might Mr. BALFOUR ask, we say, whether the position of the Crown would be what it is, and whether the position of the House of Lords would be what it is, under such a Constitution as this? The Crown at present exercises its prerogatives under the advice of the Administration of the day. How would it exercise that veto on legislation which would undoubtedly have to resume all and more than all the importance it possessed in the early days of our modern Constitution? The whole im-

possible scheme, in short, is founded upon a lunatic defiance of the elementary laws of political mechanics. It is an attempt to balance a cone upon its apex—an attempt favoured partly by intriguers who desire for their own purpose to bring about the topple-over which must inevitably ensue, and partly by simpletons who have allowed their wits and senses to be so bedevilled by party palaver that they are capable of mistaking the apex of the cone for its base.

The truth which Mr. BALFOUR insisted upon with such vigorous eloquence in the latter portion and down to the close of his speech is, Heaven knows, an old one enough; but as long as it is confronted with the false and shallow half-truth which Gladstonians continually oppose to it, its continual reaffirmation will be necessary. The way to national strength and greatness is, as it always was, the way of consolidation. The list of historical instances which Mr. BALFOUR gives is absolutely conclusive. It is true of Great Britain, it is true of France, of Spain, of Germany, of Italy, even of Austria, that hard-ridden hack of the *doctrinaire* Separatist, that they each and all of them made their ascent to European power, and those among them which founded empires to foreign dominion, by unifying for administrative purposes the various component elements of their population, and by centralizing as far as possible their executive authority. It is not the fact that they, or any of them, have gained a positive accession of strength by the converse process, though it may be, and is, the fact that some of them have contrived by decentralization to arrest the progress of dissolvent agencies which had proved—and this is the whole point—their superiority in strength to the opposing forces of cohesion. But to cite these cases—to cite the case of Austria, for instance, as an example of the strength which comes of Home Rule—is as ridiculous as it would be to talk of the "strengthening" effect of that conservative surgery which saves a limb from amputation, but saves it weakened, if not disabled; or as it would be to extol a matrimonial "union of hearts" in a case where one of the united couple has had to consent to a deed of separation in order to escape the scandal of a decree. The only principle on which any one of the Home Rule precedents which the Gladstonians are so fond of quoting ever has been, or ever can be, validly defended is the principle of "bad's the best." Every one of these experiments in decentralization has been made avowedly as a *pis aller*. The nations which have consented to these experiments have always done so "lest a worse thing should happen to them." But where, and what, is the worse thing which is to happen to us? What is the discomfort, the danger, the disaster which hard Necessity bids us buy our escape from, at the cost of handing over law and order, loyalty, and prosperity in Ireland to the tender mercies of the party who, in never-to-be-forgotten words, are "marching through rapine to the disintegration of the Empire"? Mr. MORLEY thinks, or thought, that a worse thing could happen to us in having to risk the vengeance of the Irish-American assassination clubs; but constituencies at the last election did not agree with him. Perhaps he now thinks that Parnellite rant and turbulence in Ireland, Parnellite obstruction and scurrility at Westminster, are worse things to happen to us than disruption of the realm. If so, we hope and believe that he will find the constituencies disagreeing with him as thoroughly on this point as on the other.

MANLY WOMEN.

FASHION has decreed that at the present time it is the right and proper thing for its female votaries to adopt manly occupations, amusements, mode of conversation, sports, and to a certain extent imitations of the male garments, not to mention the more serious movements on foot for women to share in the political life of men and in the government of their country. Nowadays it is by no means thought necessary for a young married lady to be a good housekeeper, or to be well versed in domestic arrangements—all these things can be looked after by the servants, and beyond vehement protests at the largeness of the monthly books when presented, no efforts are made by management to check the expenditure, and, if some spasmodic attempts are initiated, they are rendered utterly futile by the absolute ignorance of the subject on the part of the lady of the house, which is at once detected by the tradesmen and servants, who use it to their own advantage. If children are to be well looked after, cannot good nurses and governesses be found? and on them the responsibility can be placed, while in case of illness, or even of any of the mildest forms of infantile derangements, is it not the simplest thing to send for the

doctor, who will give full details as to the necessary modes of diet and bringing up suitable for them? So what is the necessity of studying such subjects? Thus in former days what used to be considered the special duty of our women is no longer so, and in consequence, by shelving their responsibilities on to the shoulders of those who are paid to bear them, they have more time on their hands, and feel that it is the right thing that they should take up occupations and ideas which are shared equally with men. In country houses at the present day, during the annual "shoots," if the walking is of a nature to permit it, such as in partridge-driving and covert-shooting, the ladies now expect to come out with the lunch, or sometimes before, and to walk with the shooters; and they take, or pretend to take, the keenest interest in the sport. Their costumes on these occasions are as nearly allied to that of their male companions as the difference of sex will allow; they adopt the gaiters, or spats; their dresses are made in imitation of men's clothes by men tailors, and their design is to resemble a coat and waistcoat, with a flannel or silk shirt underneath, and with tie and pin; and their heads are adorned with stalking or cloth caps, which, as a rule, are by no means a comfortable or suitable covering to their "coiffure." It is almost needless to add that a covert-coat now is an indispensable article of attire.

These ladies come out in troops, and, when lunch is over, distribute themselves among the guns, each one attaching herself to the man of her choice, and accompanying him for the rest of the afternoon, not always to the complete satisfaction of many "sportsmen," who think, with considerable justness, that women are out of place on such occasions. There is little doubt that in our short winter days it causes considerable delay, as lunch for fourteen or fifteen people takes much longer than it would if only the six or seven shooters were there; besides the meal is bound to be more elaborate; while in partridge-driving in particular it is difficult to persuade the keen sporting ladies to keep themselves properly out of sight, as they are anxious to see all that is going on, the birds coming and being killed; the result being that they show themselves and turn the birds; so that it requires a strong-minded sportsman to insist on his fair follower sitting under a damp hedge out of sight while the drive is going on. In addition to all these drawbacks, it is by no means a feminine occupation to witness, without partaking in the skilful performance of it, the massacre of hundreds of harmless birds and beasts, and it must be deteriorating to watch the sufferings of the unfortunate wounded, and is sure to produce a callousness to suffering that is most contrary to the true womanly instinct of gentleness and abhorrence of all that tends to cruelty or the infliction of pain. Many women now bet at race meetings, and, though they have not yet gone the length of making their bets with the bookmakers personally, yet they get their friends to do so for them, and look upon it as a serious matter of business, and in many cases venture considerable sums. We do not, of course, refer to those who, when they go casually to Ascot, have small bets of two or three pounds on some of the principal races; but to those who make a practice of attending the principal meetings, such as Newmarket, Epsom, Kempton, Leicester, Manchester, Liverpool, and others. Ascot, Sandown, and Goodwood are essentially ladies' gatherings, where most of the ladies go more for social than racing purposes; but those that attend the other meetings are increasing numerically, and in their attention to "business," and when they take to racing regularly are as a rule fond of gambling at cards, though the latter is by no means a new or modern amusement among the votaries of fashion.

Slang and argot, both racing and general, are now commonly used by women, who pick the language up from the men, and who consider it the right thing to adopt, and now we hear expressions emanating from them which formerly, to say the least of it, would have been considered vulgar, and, though there may not be any particular harm in these utterances, yet this slangy tendency in conversation detracts from the high-bred tone that should pervade our best society in London; and, even if amusing at the time, it does not in any way constitute wit or cleverness, and can be generally heard to greater perfection in the topical songs at the music-halls or read in many of the sporting papers of the present day—in fact, much of it is borrowed from these sources. The influx of Americans and Americanisms into this country has, no doubt, a good deal to do with this; but the main reason of it is that the men make use of slang; therefore, to be in keeping with the fashion of the day, by imitating them and trying to resemble them as much as possible, it is necessary that their forms of language should be adopted as far as possible. Again, in London now, how many ladies delight in attending what were wont to be the exclusive resorts of men—namely, the music-halls and the London restaurants! When we say "exclusive resorts," we mean exclusive as regards society; of course they were and always will be the haunts of the demi-monde, and we fear that that is one of the reasons why they are now becoming so popular among many ladies in society, who hardly pretend that they are as amusing as a good theatre or the opera; but a strange fascination seems to oblige them to see and watch that class, and they are infinitely amused if they recognize some of their acquaintances in the company of these frail ones. They seem utterly oblivious of the fact that it is extremely derogatory to their dignity and their position as modest women of good birth and in good society to have to pass or meet their male friends and acquaintances, who are in the same social grade, unrecog-

nized, on account of the company they are in; and that because of their own action, since they are in places where they are not expected to be, and which have been tacitly acknowledged to be reserved for that class of the female population that are without the pale. Two reasons there are which induce women to put themselves in these equivocal positions—one is curiosity, which is their hereditary legacy handed down from Mother Eve; and the other is that, as the men go to these places, it is the right thing for them to go also; for is it not written that now fashion says what men may do, women should do also? Inconsistent they are; if one of their own class has the misfortune to stray from the paths of virtue and be found out, she must be treated as a black sheep, and shunned; yet it is the correct thing now to go where the demi-monde gathers in all its strength and numbers, to study its members and watch them with all interest, as though their mode of life had transmogrified them into some interesting study of nature or beautiful work of art. There is the feeling that women are seeing life, and that they are turning over the pages of a book that has hitherto been sealed to them, though open to their male companions, and they think that by going where the men go they get an insight into some of the manners of spending time and money adopted by the latter, and that the advanced ideas of the present day should, in all fairness, allow them to assume the knowledge that has hitherto been acquired by the other sex only.

There are many sports that, though in themselves most excellent for women as well as men, are sometimes carried to excess, such as riding, driving, &c.; and, though nothing is more charming than a good lady whip, yet the tendency of the day is, by the style of the turn-out, to degenerate that excellent art into a semblance of fastness, and in London ladies who adopt dogcarts, gigs, T carts, and other two-wheeled traps do so, as a rule, to look manly. As we have said before, the rage now is for women to appear manly and to copy men in all things; and a great mistake it is, as by doing so they are apt to lose the great charms, that have always surrounded well-bred Englishwomen, of gentleness and modesty, and they run the risk of losing the respect of true gentlemen, who should look up to them, instead of being tempted as they are now to treat them as boon companions who have adopted their own pursuits and their own ways of thinking, acting, and talking.

THE RETURN OF THE MOONRAKER.

MR. GLADSTONE is safe home again (appropriately preceded by fog-signals at Salisbury), and Lord Granville is speechfully happy. If it were not for Lord Granville we do not know what the Gladstonian party would do for a child. "No home," says a philosopher, "is complete without a kitten rising six weeks, and a baby rising six months." There may be competition for the post of kitten, though Sir William Harcourt ought to fear no foes; but there is no doubt that Lord Granville is the Gladstonian baby, a baby talking uncommonly well for six months, too. He has all the artless confidences, all the obedience, all the sometimes rather unintelligible tendency to talk, which makes the conversation of very early youth so agreeable to some persons. What Lord Granville meant exactly at Rochester last Monday by that devilish interesting story about his Scotch friend and the post-horses, and Lord Harrowby and Mr. Sidney Herbert, is, indeed, matter of dispute. We should not be surprised if some persons, hopeless of other solution, had by this time arrived at the conclusion that it had something to do with the Jesuits. But it is exactly the kind of story that a child tells, and tells very pleasantly. "You see . . . we had two horses . . . and they had four . . . and a great large coach . . . and . . . and . . ." But when you want to know what happened, the adorable inconsequence of youth is unable to say. Then Lord Granville talked about "bread and Aunt Sally" being offered to the people by his political opponents. There are worse foods than bread, and worse games than Aunt Sally; but, after certain fireworks on the Hoe at Plymouth, and divers entertainments, from the cake and wine of the Corporation of Romsey onward, was not the allusion a little indiscreet? Lord Granville, however, is so happy, his little heart is so full, that one must not be too critical. Mr. Gladstone has been into the West, and has "swept the political floor" quite clean. The metaphor is a little mysterious; but, if Mr. Gladstone put into his speeches the result of the sweeping of the political floor, the description of his own profits by a distinguished inhabitant of this very West—Mr. R. Sawyer, M.R.C.S.—would seem to be applicable to the garnered wealth in question. "Never was a magician's wand waved with greater force." Does Lord Granville usually sweep (we only ask for information, and not with any nasty sneering meaning) with a wand? And is it not a general idea that the greatest magicians have usually done their wandling rather gently? The gauging of the magic by the force with which the wand is waved seems crude; and, indeed, the only recorded instance (that of one Moses) tells of very unpleasant results from too vigorous waving of the wand. Is Lord Granville ready to encounter the omen that Mr. Gladstone shall not enter the Promised Land of Home Rule? But the adorable inconsequence of youth, as we have said, is not to be too narrowly scanned. Add that Lord Granville compared himself and his party to "bulls" (and, no doubt, there are political gamblers enough in it), and that he boldly announced that he used to think Mr. O'Brien's

breechlessness very foolish, while now he thought it very wise. Exactly. Lord Granville has for some time past been occupied in converting himself to an opinion of the wisdom of things which he once thought foolish.

While Lord Granville prattled thus amiably, his great leader was sweeping the West and returning to London preceded by fog-signals, after (to give Lord Granville a better simile and one more suited to the locality) raking the pond for the moon after the fashion scandalously attributed to the men of Wilts in general. It is said to be a question among persons speculatively disposed of their nature, and ill inclined to Mr. Gladstone, whether, even by him, such an infinite deal of nothing has ever been talked. The absurdities of the grosser kind which the reporter has clustered round the tour need not be dwelt on, though neither Mr. Carroll nor Mr. Burnand has ever imagined anything more ludicrous than the old man who "gazed wistfully on Mr. Gladstone and said, 'That dear old face! I saw it at Glasgow, and now I see it again.'" All this Perkerism *in excelsis* suited well enough with Mr. Gladstone's tales of rotten boroughs and with Sir Thomas Acland's indignant denial, "from his own personal knowledge," of the accusation that Mr. Gladstone had made a personal bid for power. Sir Thomas, no doubt, might have vouched, on his personal knowledge, that Mr. Gladstone did this or that, that he told him so, or the like. But how on earth can Sir Thomas Acland, or any one, "personally know" that he did not? But an audience which is said to have recognized "humour" in Mr. Gladstone doubtless did not boggle at Sir Thomas's assumption of miraculous powers.

And then the speeches themselves? It is true that no human being—not Mr. Gladstone himself in his most daring days, when he could infuse variety and vigour into the flimsy fallacies of the Atrocity agitation—could have gone on talking day after day in speeches and speechlets without a programme, without a cry, and with the dismal consciousness that there is not an argument in the wide world to be produced for Home Rule except Mr. Morley's argument of fear, which is almost unproducible, and certainly not producible day after day before a popular audience. To talk at Launceston about the exceedingly novel and apposite subject of Cornish rotten boroughs, and to twist into a misfortune to the county what in effect gave Cornwall the glory of an absolutely unrivalled list of distinguished representatives in Parliament, was the chief thing that occurred to him; and even this had to be eked out by abuse of those Liberals who have remained constant to the opinion and traditions of their party. At Tavistock, Mr. Gladstone could only console himself for the wickedness of the Duke of Bedford by rejoicing over the goodness of Lord Charles Russell—a person whom every one respects, but whose political ability we do not remember to have heard particularly extolled even in earlier days. At Plymouth the great effort was to be made, the great word to be launched. Was it? The people of the West heard once more that it is rude and wicked to call a man a Separatist, when all he wants is to give a separate Parliament, a separate Government, a separate Constitution to each of two countries now united in Constitution, Government, and Parliament. They heard a great deal of the history which is called so by Separatists, and which consists in observing that Turkey did not give a Parnellite Constitution to Bulgaria, and that, therefore, Turkey lost Bulgaria; that the relations of Sweden and Norway (which were arbitrarily united by diplomacy scarcely more than a lifetime since) are a fit parallel to the relations of Ireland with England, which conquered her seven hundred years ago. They heard Mr. Gladstone quoting, of course with an ungenerous and false slur, the words of Lord Clare, and most probably they were too ignorant to know what Lord Clare would have thought and said—what Lord Clare did think and say—of the policy which Mr. Gladstone denounces and the policy which Mr. Gladstone advocates. And, best of all, they heard the grant of local institutions to Ireland spoken of exactly as if Irishmen did not at this present moment possess a freedom to do anything (but commit crime with impunity) exactly equal to that of any Englishman, and as if Irish local Governments had not been bearding the Imperial Government for years. The Plymouth speech was pretty obviously the speech for which Mr. Gladstone had wound himself up, and after it he wisely enough let himself run down. His utterances at Poole and Wimborne and Blandford, at Shaftesbury and Gillingham and Salisbury (which he left preceded by fog-signals), need not be criticized at all, but for the fashion in which they are thrust upon the luckless readers of newspapers. It is significant, no doubt, and interesting that Mr. Gladstone, while dilating on Lord Tollemache's allotment system, took good care not to tell his audience that Lord Tollemache is a steady Tory. It is amusing that his encomiums on the three Lord Wolvertons left in decent obscurity the really interesting question whether the first Lord Wolverton's services to "Liberalism" did not chiefly consist in putting very large sums of money at the disposal of party managers—in other words, in devising a fresh, though not technically illegal, version of the old system of influence which Mr. Gladstone so piously denounced in Cornwall. But *de minimis non*.

One little remark we may, however, add. The virulent and repeated attacks of Mr. Gladstone on the Liberal-Unionists have, apparently, been taken as a cue by his followers, and we have been informed that these wicked men would repeal the Corn Laws if they could keep out Mr. Gladstone by doing so. May it be suggested to the persons who write in this vein that their asseverations are the more damaging to themselves the more true

they are? If any body of men in this country must know their Mr. Gladstone, it is these very Liberal-Unionists, and especially their leaders. They have not, like the Tories, a long history of animosity, and in part of defeat, to embitter them. They have been intimately acquainted with him. He has led them to victory, filled their pockets, titled them, given them place and power. What is most important of all, it was not in the least because he ceased to confer benefits upon them that they left him. Every man of them was offered spoil and honours if he too would recant and become a Home Ruler. They made no virtue of necessity; but, on the contrary, distinctly refused the bribe of their former, and more than their former, place and power. Only the merest fools would dream of bringing against any man of them (except Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps) the charge of personal jealousy, of insubordination, or of holding the idea that their services were not sufficiently rewarded or regarded. And yet it is precisely of these people who know Mr. Gladstone best, and who have the most apparent reason to wish him in power, that his henchmen say "they would move heaven and earth to keep Mr. Gladstone out of office." Is not this a little, a very little, curious?

ONE-PART PLAYS.

THERE are certain plays and certain classes of plays which exist, and will continue to exist, thanks rather to the partiality of actors than of audiences. The general public, ever ready to be saved the trouble of forming its own opinions, may be led by the complimentary epithets and phrases of a programme to take a piece at the valuation therein set upon it; but it requires no very intimate knowledge of matters theatrical to discount those compliments, and to realize that the "special request," to which one owes the revival of some "favourite play," is more often that of the manager than of his patrons. It is true that the managers of the present day are more sparing in these tricks of puffery than were their predecessors. Still, there are some among them who would do well to remember that the satisfaction of the audience, not that of any individual actor, should be their first aim, and that to that end the play, and not the player, should be the main consideration.

If this point were kept in view, we should have fewer of those "one-part" plays, written to fit the peculiarities, often to the actual order, of some individual performer. That a set of acts should be constructed, like a suit of clothes, to a personal measure, is, of course, subversive of all the true principles of art; but, unfortunately, so long as our theatres remain, in Mr. W. Archer's phrase, "commercial," and so long, moreover, as they are generally directed by actors, we can hardly hope to see the last of the "one-part" play. This is, no doubt, to be regretted; but there is no arguing against human nature—ever difficult to repress, as Horace reminds us—which must certainly be reckoned with in the modern theatre, at any rate in the managerial sanctum, if not on the stage itself. The financial risk attending the conduct of a London theatre nowadays is a heavy one, and it must not be wondered at that those who pay the piper, and pay him handsomely, should claim their right to call the tune, and in so calling should consider it of paramount importance to provide themselves with adequate opportunities of display. Such views, though general among us, are fortunately not universal; it would not be hard to instance managers both at the present time and in the immediate past who, though actors, have regarded their theatres, not merely as the means of providing themselves with exceptionally showy parts, but have selected some minor character, or even preferred to remain outside the cast altogether, if by so doing they could add to the general effect of the representation. In the eyes of such, the one-part play finds small favour, but it is different with others, who, thoroughly convinced (and often enough correctly so) of their own artistic excellence, are equally firmly persuaded that it is impossible to give the public too much of that good thing, their own acting. It is remarkable how hard it seems to be even for experienced managers to judge prospectively of the merits of an unacted play. One would naturally expect that the constant efforts of manager and of actor to please their audience would render them in the highest degree sensible of the requirements of that audience, and of how far this or that play fulfilled those requirements, and that still more would this be the case when the functions of manager and of actor were combined in the same person; but, alas for poor human nature! experience tells us that it is not so; and, moreover, that a judgment naturally imperfect is too often further warped by a desire to appropriate to one individual by far the better part of the evening's entertainment.

Of all forms of literature, the acting drama is that which least readily lends itself to such treatment. The novelist by the aid of descriptive and explanatory matter can give variety and relief to a story, no matter how onesided its interest may be; but the dramatist, obliged to work out the details of his plot, and to develop the peculiarities of his characters through themselves alone, will find the difficulties of his task considerably increased if he proceed to bring into undue prominence any one of his dramatis personæ. The whole scheme of his work will suffer, for he will lose the assistance of contrast, one of the most valuable effects within the reach of the play-writer. It is a great mistake to suppose that a part is necessarily good because it swamps and pervades a whole play. The best parts are, we suppose, those

which give opportunities for the best acting, and among those opportunities should surely be reckoned the excellences or shortcomings of that part's surroundings, the interest of the plot, and of the other characters with whom it is brought into contact; but who can affirm that if, from a selfish desire of individual aggrandizement, the plot becomes a mere diary of a single character, while the minor characters have little or nothing to do but "feed" the star with the cues necessary to enable him to carry on his dialogue, the play as a whole, or even the star-part itself, is thereby improved? It is a common error, especially on the stage, to confuse quantity with quality, whereas a good part not unfrequently owes much of its value to its shortness. It is true that among the old plays (of the Elizabethan period, for instance), and especially among the tragedies, we find instances of the one-part play. It is hard to know to what other category to assign *Hamlet*; though any one who knew that drama only through the acting editions would discover, by referring to the author's text, that it was not originally a one-part play, and that where Shakespeare has given an inch in favour of the star, succeeding stage-managers and mutilators of his lines have not scrupled to take at least an ell.

Had but the powers that be in matters theatrical that gift, for which Burns sighed, to see themselves as others see them, we should have less cause to raise our present protest. Apart from the purely artistic question—upon which, in the present merely commercial state of theatrical speculations, it would be unwise to insist too strongly—there are considerations of expediency to which even the most selfish of stars can scarcely afford to turn a deaf ear. The general public, did they but know it, would very much prefer to see a play well acted throughout by a good all-round cast to spending an evening with some one performer, no matter how distinguished. It matters not if the general support be, as it often is nowadays, adequate, or even more than adequate, to deal with the meagre materials supplied to it. Bricks cannot be made without straw. What hope is there, then, for even the cleverest and most promising of actors if he be condemned to spend his artistic career in a corner of the stage, with his back to the audience, doling out an occasional line to enable his luckier companion to make a fresh start? Such a state of things is conducive neither to excellence in the present nor to improvement in the future. This is, however, an artistic consideration with which the happy person for the time being at the top of the theatrical ladder is hardly likely to concern himself; but no "star" can disregard the favour of the public as expressed in applause and in the more practical form of the receipts at the box-office, and it is therefore to be regretted that playgoers should be willing to accept a part instead of a play as an evening's entertainment. The long and continuous runs and the brief programmes now in vogue intensify the evil. When the "bill" was changed every night, and when the performance, beginning at seven o'clock and finishing at midnight, or even later, consisted, as a rule, of three or four items, a one-part play did not necessarily mean a one-part evening, still less a one-part year, as it easily may nowadays.

There was no point which more honourably distinguished the productions of the Bancroft management, and especially the plays of Robertson, than the even distribution of interest among the characters, no one being allowed to overshadow the rest; indeed, in *Caste*, the best piece that Robertson ever wrote, and the best (as far as original works are concerned) that the Bancrofts ever produced, so level in value are the seven characters of which the dramatic personæ consist, that it would be very hard to name any one of them as better than the rest. At the very time when, by bearing in mind the fact that a part, no matter how good, is still but a part, and not the whole, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were surely laying the foundations of their success; Mr. Fechter was in another theatre proving to his own cost the folly of a diametrically opposite line of conduct—that is, of managing a theatre entirely from the point of view of the individual. The support of the public, freely accorded to him at the outset of his career as actor and as manager, waned beneath the blighting influence of a succession of dramas in which the manager was ever the one central figure among a crowd of shadowy nonentities; for, though he retained to the last some good actors among his company, the parts he provided for them allowed no scope for the exhibition of their capabilities.

It would be indeed a pity if the lesson taught by the fortunes of these two managements should ever be forgotten, for they point a moral upon which it is well to insist, that a play well acted "all round" is, as it should be, a more solid and lasting attraction than the exhibition of individual talents, no matter how brilliant. Mr. Fechter's conspicuous merits as an actor and stage-manager, the favour of the fashionable world and of the great body of playgoers, were powerless to save him from the inevitable consequences of a suicidal selfishness. Five-and-twenty years ago he was the idol of playgoing London—to how many of those who crowd its theatres to-day is he little or nothing more than a name?

RACING.

ON the strength of their first and second in the City and Suburban Handicap, Mr. Leybourne's Goldseeker, at 9 to 4, and Lord Dudley's Fullerton, at 5 to 1, were made first and second favourites for the interesting Salford Borough Handicap

of 1,000*l.* at the Manchester Meeting. Bettors evidently did not consider the 11 lbs., which the handicapper had inflicted upon Goldseeker for the length and a half by which he had beaten Fullerton at Epsom, enough to place the two horses on an equality. Goldseeker, however, was now beaten at the distance, and only finished sixth; while Fullerton, who ran second, was beaten by Mr. J. Lowther's King Monmouth. King Monmouth had a right to beat Fullerton at the weights; for over this very course, two years ago, he had beaten him by four lengths on what were, at their ages of that date, even terms, whereas he was now receiving a stone. Yet Fullerton started at only 5 to 1, and King Monmouth at as much as 9 to 1. In writing of Fullerton's public form one is almost afraid of being guilty of contempt of Court until a certain case shall have been settled at the Law Courts. We may, however, observe that G. Barrett, his jockey in the race just described, lodged a complaint when it was over against T. Loates, who rode Felix, the third in the race, for foul riding, and on the following day that jockey was suspended for the rest of the week. Donovan when he won the Derby was ridden by the offender. Lord Calthorpe's smart two-year-old filly, Heresy, maintained her reputation by winning the Hartington Plate of 600*l.* by four lengths in a field of ten. Among her opponents was Lord Penrhyn's Sweet Ellen, a black filly by FitzJames out of Briony, that had cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling and now only ran fifth. Later in the afternoon a much cheaper two-year-old, Mr. C. J. Cunningham's gelding by Laureate, who had cost 150 guineas last year, won his third race without having had a single defeat, in the Carlton Plate, a weight-for-age race, for which he started at 7 to 1 and beat Monsieur de Paris, the first favourite, on whom odds had been laid, by four lengths. We may anticipate here by saying that on the Friday this same gelding met another unbeaten two-year-old in Scotch Earl, for whom Captain Machell had given 1,300 guineas after he had won a selling race. There was a desperate battle between the pair, and the colt beat the gelding, who swerved a little when his jockey raised his whip, by a neck. On the Thursday of the Manchester Meeting Lord Dudley won the Beaufort Handicap of 550*l.* with his three-year-old, Present Arms, in a field of eighteen. This was the colt's first victory of the season; but as a two-year-old he had won 2,037*l.* The result of the Breeder's Foal Stakes somewhat shook the confidence which had been placed in the future of the celebrated two-year-old, Heaume, for Marchesi, who had made him gallop at Epsom, now ran only seventh to Sir James Duke's Llewellyn and Mr. D. Baird's Barcarolle, who were separated by a head. Marchesi had been very easily beaten by Semolina at Windsor, and when he ran Heaume to a neck at Epsom it was maintained by Heaume's admirers that Marchesi had made great improvement in the meantime; but his running now with Llewellyn did not look very like it. The curious part of the matter was that Heaume had beaten Llewellyn by three lengths at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting; but that had been Llewellyn's first race, so too much stress ought not perhaps to be laid upon it, particularly as he had been going through the process known as "fining-down," under which a marked improvement might at any time be expected in his form.

There was a field of sixteen for the Manchester Cup of 2,541*l.* The favourite was Mr. Warren de la Rue's Trayles. This four-year-old colt had only run six times in his life. He had won exactly half his races, and all his victories had been gained at Manchester. His last public performance had been to start first favourite for the Cesarewitch and run third to Ténébreuse and Mill Stream. Indian Prince, who had run third for the Epsom Grand Prize, half a length behind Kingscote, to whom he gave a stone, and a neck behind Melanion, to whom he gave 3 lbs., was second favourite. Not for the first time in his life, this colt showed a great deal of temper before the start, and during the race he seemed half inclined to bolt at one of the turns. About a quarter of a mile from home Mr. L. de Rothschild's Cotillon took the lead and held it to the end. Indian Prince tried very hard to catch him from the Stand, but to no purpose, and he won by four lengths. Sir Robert Jardine's 40-to-1 outsider, Lord Lorne, ran third. We shall refer to him presently. For the Chester Cup Cotillon had been beaten five lengths by Mill Stream, to whom he was giving 9 lbs. Now, at even weights, he beat her by about ten lengths. At Northampton, at a difference in the weights of only 7 lbs., Claymore, who now only finished tenth, had beaten him by five lengths. Cotillon is a nice, level, short-legged colt, by Hagioscope out of Mabile, and represents Blacklock blood on his sire's and Birdcatcher blood on his dam's side. Hitherto he had been chiefly remarkable for being placed in his races without winning, and his solitary victory had been for a 300*l.* Plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of last year. On Saturday the Whitsuntide Plate of 4,000*l.*, for two-year-olds, scarcely excited so much interest as it did last year, when Chitabob beat Donovan. Nevertheless, it was a very important race, as among the twelve starters were two that had never run in public before, and were expected by their supporters to beat Chevalier Ginistrelli's good-looking and unbeaten filly, Signorina. One of these was Mr. H. Milner's Riviera, a bay filly by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite, and, therefore, own sister to Seabreeze; and the other was Mr. D. Baird's Martagon, a remarkably well-shaped colt by Bend Or out of Tiger Lily—that is to say, by Ormonde's sire out of an own sister to Ormonde's dam. Riviera only ran fourth; but Martagon took the lead a quarter of a mile from home, and, under the able hands of Tom Cannon, made a grand race with Signorina, who

caught him at the distance and beat him by a head, although she was meeting him at a disadvantage of 3 lbs. It is always well to make some allowances when a horse is beaten in his first race, and Martagon was coughing; it is, therefore, too soon to make up one's mind that he will never repay with interest the 2,800 guineas that were paid for him as a yearling. A much more expensive colt finished a couple of lengths behind him for the Whitsuntide Plate. This was Mr. Warren de la Rue's Ostrogoth, who is said to have cost 4,000*l*.

The Grand Prix de Paris of last Sunday excited very much less interest than usual in this country, and there was scarcely any betting on it in England. Our single representative in the race was Mr. R. C. Vyner's Minthe, who had won the One Thousand, run second for the Oaks, for which she was only beaten by a neck, and finished third for the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 11,000*l*. at Leicester. Mr. Vyner had already won the Grand Prix with her half-brother, Minting; but English backers were not over-hopeful that she would follow in his footsteps, and she only ran fifth. For the first time, so far as we can remember, an Italian horse ran for the Grand Prix, but he was unplaced. The field of thirteen was the largest of the last fifteen years, and the stakes were worth 6,232*l*. The race was won by M. H. Delamarre's Vasistas, who started unbacked, except for a place, at 100 to 1 offered. He is a bay colt by Idus, by Wild Dayrell out of a mare by Vermouth, a horse with whom M. Delamarre won the Grand Prix a quarter of a century ago.

The Ascot Meeting opened in beautiful weather, and the hero of the season, the Duke of Portland's Donovan, won the Prince of Wales's Stakes without difficulty, bringing up his winnings to within a few pounds of 40,000*l*. Mr. Hammond's Garter, who, with 5 lbs. the best of the weights, had run third to Wayland and Overveen at Epsom, where the three colts were separated by heads only, was made favourite for the Maiden Plate. Mr. E. D. Gosling's Hidden Treasure won by a head from Captain Machell's Rathbeal, who was a neck in front of Garter. As the trio carried even weights, it might be inferred that Wayland and Overveen must be a few pounds, and Llewellyn and Barcarolle, the Manchester celebrities, many pounds better than the first and second in this race; but Tom Cannon rode Hidden Treasure so carefully that it was almost impossible to say whether he could not have won by a greater distance. Mr. L. de Rothschild's Morglay, who beat El Dorado for the Payne Stakes, and finished behind him for the Derby, won the Gold Vase, over the long two-mile course, from Lord Penrhyn's Curraghmore and Lord Howe's Claymore, both of whom finished much nearer to him than had been expected by those who laid 7 to 4 on him. We must now return to Sir R. Jardine's Lord Lorne, the colt that ran third for the Manchester Cup. In that race he scarcely ran like a stayer; but now, for the Ascot Stakes, of 935*l*, he beat a good field of eleven opponents over a longer course. Aspland bored against him a good deal near the distance; but he ran with very great gameness, and, fighting his way clear of his opponent, he won by three lengths. He is a chestnut colt by Hampton, and his dam and both his granddams are of Birdcatcher blood. The critics admired his quality, but thought him a trifle light and long in the back. The most interesting race of the day was for the Biennial of 890*l*. for two-year-olds. Almost equal odds—13 to 8 and 14 to 8—were laid against the Duke of Portland's Semolina (who had already won five races worth about 3,700*l*.) and Mr. A. W. Merry's Surefoot, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. The race was as close as the betting, and Semolina just won by a head. F. Barrett rode the winner and Liddiard rode Surefoot, and it is a little doubtful whether the race was not won by riding. Lord Calthorpe's Heresy, who ran Surefoot to half a length at even weights at Epsom in a hardly-fought race, was now three lengths behind him, although she was receiving the full mare's allowance of 4 lbs. The Triennial taught us the valuable lesson that it does not do to rush hurriedly to uncharitable conclusions when we see public form reversed. No owner of racehorses is more honourable or anxious to win upon all occasions than Lord Falmouth, who never bets; no trainer is more above suspicion than Matthew Dawson; no jockey is more trustworthy than John Osborne; yet Rada, owned by the first named, trained by the second, and ridden by the third, now won in a canter by a length and a half from Sheen, and by many lengths from Benburb, in face of the fact that at Newmarket, over exactly the same distance and at almost the same weights—indeed, Benburb then met her on harder terms—she had finished far behind the pair.

There was another reversal of public form in the very next race of the meeting and the first of the Wednesday when Miguel, who had finished second in the Epsom Derby, a long way in front of Morglay, was beaten a length and a half by that very colt for the Ascot Derby. Morglay made very strong running and "came again" after Miguel had got a neck in front of him at the distance. General Byrne's Amphion, the winner of the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap, a chestnut colt that the official handicapper thought before the Derby to be the best three-year-old of his year except Donovan, won the Fern Hill Stakes very easily. He is generally considered the best-looking three-year-old of this season, even if it be admitted that his pasterns are a trifle straight. The Royal Hunt Cup was a fiasco, for Lord Rodney's Danbydale, who was supposed to have a stone less on his back than he was capable of winning under, was somehow or other left at the starting-post. Mr. D. Henty's Whitelegs, on the contrary, jumped

off with the lead, was never headed, and won by four lengths. Mr. Legh's Veracity ran second, after swerving when his jockey raised his whip; Lord Randolph Churchill's Oaks winner was third, and only a length behind her came the celebrated Fullerton, who was giving from 18 to 42 lbs. to everything in the race. Mr. Rose's Gulliver, who had won his first race at Ascot a year ago, now won his first of this season in a Biennial; and Prince Soltykoff's Keythorpe won a Triennial for two-year-olds by a head from Lord Falmouth's Wharfedale filly, who finished a neck in front of Lord Zetland's Fontainebleau. This was an exceedingly pretty race, and the winner, who is not on a very large scale, as well as several of the eight horses that ran in it, were considered very promising-looking youngsters by the critics. Mr. H. Milner's beautifully-shouldered, although rather lightly-made, filly, Seclusion, who had won 2,606*l*. last year, won 2,250*l*. at one attempt in the Coronation Stakes, and in this race her Oaks form with Wrinkle was confirmed, while the running of the pair in the One Thousand was reversed. Indeed, it seems that neither the One Thousand nor the Two Thousand of this spring was a very truly run race.

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE.

THE observation that M. Gounod, in his *Roméo et Juliette*, suffers by comparison with his own work is unavoidable. Had he not written *Faust*, his setting of MM. Barbier and Carré's version of Shakespeare's tragedy would have won for him a leading place among operatic composers; but, beyond all question, the latter work—admirable as it is in parts, for we are anxious to avoid a word of disparagement—has not the fervour of episode, and is still more lacking in the unity of treatment, which distinguishes M. Gounod's masterpiece. It always seems to us that Juliette's first appearance strikes a false note. A light-hearted, joyous girl she is, of course; but there is something too trivial about her very pretty little ariette "Je veux vivre." We feel that it is not the true Juliet who warbles this tuneless trifle, and probably, if M. Gounod had to write his opera anew, the entrance of his heroine would be differently treated. Something of this has, indeed, been expressed by a French critic, not about Juliet, but about Romeo, whom he describes as "un doux et madrigalesque jeune homme, un bel amoureux bien dolent, qui n'en finit jamais et se promène au clair de lune en rêvant de Mendelssohn sous le balcon de Juliette, comme Faust sous la fenêtre de Marguerite"; but as regards this criticism, it must be said that almost everything depends upon the manner in which Romeo is interpreted, and as played by M. Jean de Reszké at Covent Garden he is something more than this, and he has nothing to sing so trivial as the "Je veux vivre," though the madrigal which the lovers give together is in itself inferior to any single number of *Faust*. It is nevertheless a fine work, which calls forth the admiration of the critics who at the same time are in no way oblivious to its weaknesses.

As for the innovation of *Roméo et Juliette* in French at the Royal Italian Opera, it seems to us very excusable under the special circumstances of the case. It would be a blind adherence to tradition which obliged French singers to learn a French opera in its translated—and, therefore, almost necessarily inferior—form, merely because the house in which they played was called the Italian Opera, the audience, too, as a rule, doubtless understanding French better than Italian. We do not, therefore, want *Lohengrin* in German, for reasons which we shall not particularize; but we were perfectly contented to hear M. Gounod's opera in French, and on the whole we are strongly inclined to doubt whether a finer representation has ever been given since it was first produced in 1867. When M. Henri Blaze de Bury wrote his *Musiciens du Passé, du Présent et de l'Avenir*, and commented on the "madrigalesque jeune homme," he had not seen M. Jean de Reszké, who, except for the one fact that he replaces the youthful impulsiveness of Romeo by a depth and earnestness which are rather the growth of later years, interprets the operatic character in a manner upon which it would scarcely be possible to improve. His delivery of the air "Ah, lève toi" was really exquisite in tone and sensibility; and if the love music—the duet "O nuit divine"—seemed less delightful, it was that M. Gounod emulates, and strongly recalls without reaching, the third act of his own *Faust*. In one instance he equals himself at his best, and that is in the beautiful passage, "Va, repose en paix," enchantingly accompanied, which Romeo sings after Juliette has left the balcony. The "Duo de l'alonette"—the lyrical setting of Romeo's words "It was the lark, the herald of the morn," and of Juliet's reluctant acquiescence—gained a poetic and elevating fervour from the delivery of this true artist. His bearing in the duel scene was again exceedingly fine. Entirely apart from the music, the Romeo could not fail deeply to impress as he strives to resist the all but overwhelming temptation to answer Tybalt's insults with his sword, till, Mercutio being slain, he can resist no more; and here M. Montariol, in the part of Tybalt, subordinate as it is, made a greater success than he has done in more important characters, acquitting himself with well-directed energy and maintaining the spirit of the incident. M. Gounod's management of and additions to the scene of Tybalt's death are forcible and appropriate.

We are tardy in doing justice to the admirable qualities of Mme. Melba, the Juliette. Her ariette—which she sang in E

instead of the original G—was given with rare delicacy and grace, and the love-scenes wanted only a little more self-abandonment—the slight air of restraint did not quite fulfil the ideal of Juliet. It will be understood that a performance which even suggests such comments must be far removed from the conventionalities of the operatic stage; for, as a rule, the critic finds that the less he says about the acting the better; but the performance here deserves examination. M. Edouard de Reszké's Frère Laurent is distinguished by rare dignity of bearing, and the music well displays his magnificent voice. The French critic we have quoted speaks of the "merveille de déclamation lyrique" in which the Friar presents Juliet with the phial as the chef-d'œuvre of the scene, with its "accompagnement mystérieux dont la note lugubre et persistante a l'accent de la fatalité et sonne le glas de la mort véritable, de l'éternel sommeil au fond des tombeaux," and nothing could have been finer than M. Edouard de Reszké's delivery of the passage "Bientôt une pâleur livide," in which manner and method count for so very much; for, analysed, the vocal part is found to be little more than the utterance of a monotone—E flat. M. Gounod, we have always thought, has not been happy in his attempt at the Queen Mab song—"Mab, la reine des mensonges"; but M. Winogradoff, as Mercutio, did what he could, and he can do much. We have also to speak with respect of M. Séguin's Capulet. Signor Mancinelli conducted—to say which is now equivalent to saying that the orchestra did its work with taste and judgment.

THE DEGRADATION OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

WE have resisted the temptation to use the word "journalism" at the head of this article, because, although it is a word which is in common use and has a meaning, it is a corrupt word. A newspaper may be named a journal, as some newspapers are named "Herald" or "Post"; but the word "journal," as a generic name for newspapers, is figurative and far-fetched. "Newspaper" is a much better word than "journal" to express the thing that is meant; but why the art and mystery of conducting a newspaper should be called journalism in preference to newspaperism, or why the persons engaged in that art and mystery or in writing for newspapers should be called journalists rather than newspaperists, we do not know; but "newspaperist" or "bookist" for a person who writes in newspapers or books would be seen at once to be an impossible expression, and it may be well to indicate the pitfalls which writers may fall into in the path they are pursuing. Is a person who writes for a magazine a magazinist? or is editing and conducting a magazine magazinism? It may be. We do not know what we may come to.

To a conscientious newspaper-man—one who has a respect for his calling and some ideas as to the province of newspapers in the order of the universe—it is most sad to see the gradual but sure approach of a degraded method of conducting them. Most flagrant examples of this method have lately appeared in a large Northern town. A man died under circumstances which indicated poison; a coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against his wife; subsequently the case came before the magistrates, and the wretched woman was committed to take her trial at the Assizes on the charge of murder. Long before the inquest the newspapers began to try the case. The supposed evidence was discussed, "startling incidents" were discovered, and great irritation was shown at the reticence of the police and the doctors, out of whom the reporters could get nothing. Between the inquest and the hearing before the magistrates the public was treated daily to more incidents and more reporters' babble about the case and the people concerned in it. The odious "descriptive account" which now prefaces every important trial, and in which the reporter (the young man who is considered to have a fine touch in such matters) revels in what he would call his realistic sketches, preceded the reports of both the inquest and the magisterial inquiry. But when a wretched woman has been committed for trial on the charge of murdering her husband, when the terrible nature of the alleged crime is considered, which is nothing less than the slow poisoning of a husband by a wife by the most agonizing process, and where the motive suggested is one of the vilest conceivable, it might have been supposed that, in face of such a tragedy, the reporter's jabber would have been hushed—that the terrible issue, which can only be decided by twelve men after a careful sifting of the evidence by a judge of the High Court of Justice, would have caused the most garrulous to keep silence, and to wait in awe the event. But still, day by day, appear in the local papers "startling new developments," fresh discoveries, statements of what this chemist or that merchant has said, and descriptions of the eating, drinking, and sleeping arrangements of the accused. Every editor who allows this kind of thing to appear in his newspaper knows well that he ought not to allow it; he knows that he is degrading his calling. He excuses himself, if report speaks truly, by saying that, if he did not do it, his rivals would, and they would sell their papers, and he could not. Of course, if this is a good plea, it is obvious that every newspaper must be brought down to the standard of the worst. If this debasement of the newspaper press is to come, we must try to hide it as best we can; we must bow to the inevitable (like those deplorable French people), and submit

to the loss of dignity and self-respect, which an admission that it is to come involves. But is it inevitable? We are very strongly of opinion that the whole matter is in the hands of editors, and that, if combination to rescue the daily press from ignominy is impossible, a declaration by any one that, the case being in the hands of the law, no comment whatever would be made on it, would be appreciated by the public, and would not be to the detriment of the newspaper. In truth, criminal cases ought not to be tried by newspapers, or even commented on. The sole duty of newspaper editors to their readers is to publish so much of the evidence given before the tribunals on oath as may be published without offence. There is too much reason to believe that the practice we have been commenting on is an importation; we can only wish there were a prohibitive duty on such importations. Ever since the discovery of the body of Dr. Cronin, the American newspapers have been ceaselessly trying the case of his murder—accusations against individuals have been freely made; "statements" of this person and that and "disclosures" have been published as if they were evidence. It seems almost unnecessary to mention the evils attending this kind of irregular trial of criminal cases by the press before the public; but, lest there should be any one who thinks that there is not much harm in it, we would point out that, to the unthinking, who form the great majority of readers, and even sometimes to the thoughtful, it is hard to separate in the memory that which has been read as evidence and that which is mere reporter's gush. Any one who likes may test this by conversation, when he will find that the two are inextricably mixed in the minds of his acquaintance. Jurymen in criminal cases are taken almost haphazard from a crowd of people of a certain status; it is almost impossible, if a newspaper trial has been going on for a month or two, that they can bring unprejudiced minds to the consideration of the case, and it is most important that they should do so, as well in the interests of the accused as of the public. The old press rule to make no comments on a case *sub judice* was the best one, and we cannot see it violated, the public mind stimulated and debauched by unwholesome comments, the issues confused, the police baffled, the verdict anticipated, and the parties treated as if they were some interesting specimens of zoology, whose appearance and manners were the legitimate subjects of description, without a protest.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE TELEPHONE COMPANIES.

THE correspondence between the Post Office and the telephone Companies raises a question of very great public interest, far transcending the immediate matter in dispute—nothing less, in short, than whether a licence granted by a Government department is to be interpreted according to the plain meaning of the language employed, or whether the presumed intention of those who granted the licence is to be imported into it. It will be seen that the decision may have an important bearing upon the future development of industry. Suppose that there were to be a great invention, capable of revolutionizing trade as completely as the introduction of steam has done. Its operation might be hampered for years if the views of the Post Office were to be sustained. The question has arisen in this way. When the telephone was first introduced into this country it appeared to the holders of the patents that it could be worked most easily and most advantageously by several Companies, each confining its operations to a separate district. Accordingly, the United Kingdom was mapped out into provinces, each having a telephone Company of its own. It was soon found, however, that this was a mistake. As it happened, the districts varied greatly in extent. The National Company, for example, worked the whole of Scotland, a large part of England, and a portion of Ireland; while the United Company confined itself to the metropolis. But the National Company very early came to the conclusion that to develop its business properly it was necessary to connect the great towns one with another. As it did this, it discovered that the advantage was not confined to the business that grows up between town and town. Many tradespeople did not agree to become subscribers so long as they could communicate only with residents in the same town. But when they were enabled to converse with residents at a distance they flocked in large numbers. It was found, however, very difficult to induce the several Companies to work together for the purpose of establishing communication between the towns of their respective districts. And then the plan was suggested of amalgamating all the Companies. The negotiations with this view lasted for a couple of years; but at last it was agreed that the National Company, the United Company, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Company should sell their businesses to a new Company, which was to work all three districts. When the arrangement was concluded an application was made to the Postmaster-General for a licence for the new Company; but he refused. Then the first plan was dropped, and it was agreed that the National Company should buy out the United and the Lancashire and Cheshire, for the Post Office had granted to each of the Companies a licence to work not only its own district but the whole of the United Kingdom. The arrangement has been approved by the shareholders of the three Companies, and apparently it is to be carried into effect. But the Post Office now objects that it cannot be completed because when the licences were granted to the several

Companies it was not contemplated by the department that an amalgamation should take place. It adds that "any assurances outside the licences which the Companies may have conceived themselves to have received from the then Postmaster-General cannot be regarded as applicable to the state of things likely to result from the proposed amalgamation." It is, of course, for the Courts to decide whether this objection is valid if the Post Office elects to bring the matter before them. Probably, however, the meaning of the department is, that it will exercise next year its right to buy up the Companies. In any case, the reply of the Companies seems to be unanswerable—namely, that every person, whether sole or corporate, has a right to sell his business, of which right he cannot be deprived except by express and voluntary contract; that the Companies never as a matter of fact waived their right to sell their businesses, and that, therefore, they cannot now be prevented from doing so. The Directors of the United Telephone Company go on to say that on three several occasions Companies, or persons holding licences to carry on telephone business, have transferred their exchanges to other Companies holding similar licences without the slightest objection being raised by the Postmaster-General. And they urge, moreover, that at the very time the licences were granted the purchase by one of the Companies holding a licence from the Postmaster-General of the telephone business of another Company holding a similar licence was, as a matter of fact, contemplated. It seems difficult, indeed, to get over this argument.

It has been objected that though an amalgamation is technically a sale, in reality it is a very different thing. But is it in the case of those sales referred to by the Directors of the United Company? As the Directors point out, the sales were effected for the purpose of putting an end to competition, and in real truth, therefore, they were strictly amalgamations. The only difference between them and the amalgamation now proposed is, that they put an end to competition existing in the past, while the proposed amalgamation is intended to prevent competition in the future. In the year 1869 an Act was passed, giving the Post Office a monopoly in the transmission of messages by electricity, and it has since been decided by the Courts that the Post Office monopoly extended to the telephone. But while the Post Office retained its right to work the telephone, and as a matter of fact has competed with the existing Companies, it yet decided to allow private enterprise to develop Mr. Edison's invention. Accordingly, licences were granted, which will not expire until 1912. But the Post Office at the same time reserved the right to buy out the Companies in 1890, 1897, and 1904, the price to be settled by arbitration if a dispute arose. The competition of the Post Office has proved unavailing, and other competition has either been crushed or bought off. But the patents held by the United Company, under which all the Companies work, will expire in about three years, and it is possible that competition may spring up unless the legal monopoly which the patents now confer is supplemented by a practical monopoly. As stated above, the several Companies have found it impossible to co-operate with one another in establishing communication between the great towns of the United Kingdom, and they have decided, therefore, to bring about an amalgamation of the three principal Companies, with the intention, no doubt, of buying up the remaining Companies later, for the purpose of completely covering the ground before the patents expire. Once the great towns are fully supplied, and are connected with one another, it is not likely that competition can be made effective. Capitalists will not care to risk their money in what will appear a hopeless enterprise, and even if they should, it is not likely that the public will desert exchanges which enable them to communicate with very large numbers of other subscribers in order to join exchanges which are only being started. But if this should come about the Post Office fears that the price it will have to pay, supposing that it decides upon the purchase of the telephone, will be exorbitant. It remembers the extravagant terms it had to give to the telegraph Companies, and it fears that it will not be able to purchase the telephone on more easy conditions. Possibly also it apprehends that one great Company, controlling the whole of the United Kingdom, would be able to drive a harder bargain than several small and struggling Companies, each in possession of only a limited district. In any case it sees clearly that, if the development of the telephone business which is contemplated by this amalgamation should actually take place, there would be little chance of effective competition, and that, therefore, it would be obliged either to give up altogether the idea of buying up the telephone business, or else to pay such a price as may be determined by arbitration.

It is proved by experience in all countries where patents do not exist, and where, therefore, any number of Companies may be started to fight one another, that effective competition in telephone business is impossible, for the simple reason that communication by telephone is useless except the subscriber can communicate with the largest possible number of customers and friends. Where, therefore, a Company is once in possession of the field, and is fairly well managed, the public refuses to support a new Company. Where an old Company is badly managed it is deserted by its subscribers when a well-managed competitor appears. Even, therefore, if there were to be new Companies started when the patents of the United Telephone Company expire the result would be, after a short struggle, a new amalgamation, or else the new Companies would quickly die out. In either case the old Companies would be put to

expense, and they would recoup themselves sooner or later by charging their losses on the public. The only real question, then, for the public to consider is whether it is better that the telephone business should remain in the hands of private Companies or should be transferred to the Post Office. It must be a monopoly in any event. Which promises to be the more advantageous, State monopoly or private-enterprise monopoly? Certainly, the experience of the Post Office management of the telegraph does not encourage us to hope either that telephone charges will be reduced if the telephone became a State monopoly, or that the public would be quickly supplied with greater facilities. It is alleged by the three Companies that are about to amalgamate that their object is to afford to the public greater accommodation. The new Company will be more powerful than the three old ones; and for that reason will be able to raise money on better terms. Consequently, it will be in a position to afford facilities which the three Companies separately could not afford. Further, it will be managed by one single authority, which can decide quickly what ought to be done, instead of as at present having to go through long negotiations before two or more Companies can be induced to engage in a necessary expenditure. And, lastly, as we have been pointing out above, it is imperatively necessary for the Companies to cover the whole ground before the patents expire, so as to take due precautions against future competition. The probability appears to be, therefore, that the several great towns of the kingdom will be connected one with another much more expeditiously if the amalgamation takes place and the new Company is allowed to carry out its plans, than if the telephone is transferred to the Post Office. Even now, when the United Kingdom is parcelled out into half a dozen different districts, served by as many Companies, telephone messages are transmitted more cheaply than telegraph messages are now transmitted by the Post Office. According to the Companies the number of telegraph messages now transmitted by the Post Office annually is about 60 millions, the charge for each being sixpence, while the three Companies that propose to amalgamate, the United, the National, and the Lancashire and Cheshire, transmit about 100 millions of messages every year at a charge of somewhat less than a penny a message. We do not vouch for these figures, but give them merely on the authority of the Companies. Taking them as correct, is it likely that, if the Post Office decides next year to buy out the Companies, it will be able to make the purchase on terms so favourable to the State that it will be in a position to continue transmitting as many messages as the three Companies do now and as cheaply? We fear that it is not very probable. The purchase price, it will be recollected, will have to be determined by arbitration, and the arbitrators are hardly likely to be over favourable to the State. They will take into account, we may be sure, the probable future growth of the business, and if they do, we fear that the Post Office will have to raise the charges now levied by the Companies.

RECENT CONCERTS.

FRAULEIN HERMINE SPIES, whose first appearance in London at the last Richter Concert but one created so marked an impression, gave a Vocal Recital at Prince's Hall on the afternoon of Thursday, the 13th, assisted by the clever young pianist, Miss Ethel Bauer. A further acquaintance with Fräulein Spies's singing confirms the impression produced at a single hearing, so far as her general intelligence of rendering and intensity of style go; but the more limited area of Prince's Hall revealed defects in her method which are, unfortunately, only too common with most German vocalists. It is seldom that such excellent and telling enunciation has been heard here, and the combination of dramatic spirit and lyrical feeling in her delivery of songs is realized to the utmost extent; but at the same time it is impossible to be blind to the fact that her vocal method is very defective. The perfect union of Italian vocalization with German intelligence is an ideal which will possibly never be realized; certainly Fräulein Spies, in spite of her fine voice and great gifts, has sacrificed the former to the latter. The programme of her recital was interesting, and the performances were received with much applause. The most successful number was Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" and the nearest approach to failure Bizet's "Pastorale," a song which demands altogether different qualities from those which Fräulein Spies possesses in so high a degree. By a curious misprint in the programme, Schubert's "Wer nie sein Brot mit Thränen ass"—one of the finest of the songs from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—was attributed to Schumann; while the charming little song, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken," which is now almost conclusively proved to be by Giovannini, was ascribed to J. S. Bach.

Herr Pachmann's Second Recital, which took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday week, attracted as usual a large and enthusiastic audience. The performances call for no special notice, but were characterized by all the artist's usual qualities. His playing of the Sonata in B minor—a work which is seldom heard—and especially of the Three Studies (Op. 25, Nos. 2 and 3, and Op. 10, No. 5), was admirable. In such familiar works as the Impromptu (Op. 29) and Nocturne (Op. 37) he played more down to the level of his audience, and the result was consequently, from an artistic standpoint, not so satisfactory.

At his Sixth Chamber Concert, on Friday, the 14th, Sir Charles Hallé produced the last of the three recently-published Quartets of Cherubini's. The Sixth Quartet is later in date of composition than its two predecessors, having been written between July 1835 and July 1837; while the Fourth and Fifth were both composed between September 1834 and June 1835. It is, on the whole, a less interesting work, though in isolated passages it betrays the hand of the master who wrote it. The recapitulation of the subjects of the various movements which takes place in the Finale is a curious and effective device, borrowed apparently from Beethoven, but applied for the first time by Cherubini to this species of composition. The remainder of Friday's programme consisted of Rheinberger's familiar Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 38, Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 54, and Brahms's new Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, Op. 108, the production of which a few weeks ago was noticed at the time.

Señor Sarasate's last concert, which took place on Saturday, the 15th, was of more than usual interest. The programme included Beethoven's too-seldom played Eighth Symphony; Dr. Mackenzie's fine Violin Concerto—perhaps the most able work which the Scotch composer has yet given to the world; Lalo's fascinating "Symphonie Espagnole," for Violin and Orchestra; the same composer's Overture to his successful opera, *Le Roi d'Ys*; and a new Duet for Two Violins and Orchestra, the composition of Señor Sarasate himself. In addition to this, the Spanish violinist played, by way of encores, three of his most familiar solos with pianoforte accompaniment; so that the whole performance was prolonged to an inordinate length. The second violin part in the Duet was taken by Miss Nettie Carpenter, who is understood to be a pupil of Señor Sarasate's. Although at first obviously suffering from nervousness, her share of the work was played with admirable correctness and precision. The second violin part is throughout subordinate to the first; but, though the composition is not one of much value, it demands a very able player to do justice to it, and Miss Carpenter showed herself throughout more than efficient.

The last Richter Concert was of more than usual length, including as it did the closing scene from the third act of Wagner's *Walküre*, and Schubert's Symphony in C, besides Schumann's Overture to *Manfred*, Hans Sachs's Monologue from Act IV. of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, and Dvořák's fine "Symphonic Variations" for orchestra. The managers of these concerts probably are bound to consider what will most attract the public; and, as at present the star of Wagner is in the ascendant in the fashionable musical world, such artistic mistakes as the performance of a long scene like that from *Die Walküre* without scenery or action must be condoned. Yet it is difficult to believe that the members of the audience who listened to it last Monday enjoyed themselves without stint. Wagner's music performed in a concert-room is worse than *Hamlet* with the title-part left out; the hearer may admire the orchestration and wonder at the vagaries of the verse, but, apart from the dramatic action, it is, after all, but little more than the dry bones of the "new art" which the Bayreuth master claimed to have established. This is especially true of the scene between Wotan and Brünnhilde, which was so excellently sung by Fräulein Fillunger and Herr Carl Mayer on Monday. It contains long passages in which the voices have no part, though when performed on the stage the deficiency is supplied by the dramatic action; these in a concert-room are absolutely ineffective, and the whole scene, which, when properly performed, is one of the finest which Wagner's genius has created, produces a feeling very often approaching to weariness. Of the vocalists, Fräulein Fillunger is to be praised for her singing of the arduous part of Brünnhilde. The style of the music is obviously not that to which she is accustomed; but her intelligence and feeling enabled her to give a more than adequate rendering of the scene. Herr Carl Mayer sings with correctness; but his voice is hard and unsympathetic, and wants solidity in the lower compass. The music of Wotan is written for a bass voice of more sonorous quality than Herr Mayer's; but, in spite of this drawback, his performance was above the average.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—STICK-INSECTS.

WE are sorry to say that the leaf-insect lately presented to the Society by Lord Walsingham is dead; and this fact is the more to be regretted as during the present week a considerable number of stick-insects have hatched out in the insect-house. Had it survived, it would have been interesting to see side by side living specimens of these very nearly allied, though to the casual observer extremely dissimilar, forms.

The leaf-insects, spectres, or walking sticks, though the number of species is not large, are widely distributed, being found not only throughout the Tropics, but extending their range into more temperate regions; for example, the eggs from which the insects now in the Zoo were hatched were brought from Canada, the species (*Diaphemora femorata*) to which they belong ranging throughout the North and North-West of the United States and through parts of the Dominion. Again, two species are found in the South of Europe, occurring in Italy and the South of France. As may be readily imagined, the tropical species are by far the largest, some of them attaining to a length of nine or ten inches. The insects in the Gardens, however, will not, when full grown,

be more than three or four inches in length, belonging, as they do, to one of the comparatively small species. At the present time they are most curious little creatures, bright green in colour, barely an inch in length from the tips of their outstretched forelegs to the ends of their abdomens, and have a singularly attenuated appearance. They are kept in a glass-case, the bottom of which is filled with growing grass; on this, when first hatched, they seem to rest, and there easily escape notice. They are supplied with a small branch of hazel, on the leaves of which they feed. Many of them, however, leave the cover of the plants and wander to the top of their case, where they are very noticeable; they are able to do this, as the formation of their feet makes it easy for them to walk on smooth surfaces. Like the whole of their order—Orthoptera—these insects undergo an imperfect metamorphosis; that is to say, they are hatched from the egg in a form closely resembling that of their parents. They come into the world fully equipped with three pairs of legs, which retain their shape with but little, if any, alteration, during the creature's existence, and all of which are walking limbs, in which they differ from those of the Mantide, a family of raptorial insects nearly allied to the Phasmide, whose forelegs are adapted for seizing their prey. At all stages of their existence they closely resemble sticks and twigs, either green and growing or brown and withered, from which fact they obtain their names of stick-insects, or walking sticks; their other name—spectre—is doubtless the result of their skeleton-like shape and slow, stealthy movement. This is not the first time that stick-insects have been hatched in the Society's Gardens. About four years ago several specimens of one of the large Asiatic species were kept safely through all their stages and arrived at maturity, and one at least of them deposited her eggs, and we have it on the authority of the keeper of the Insectorium, who observed the insects closely while under his charge, that the process was most peculiar. The eggs, as is the case in all the family, were deposited singly; but, instead of being dropped directly on the ground on which the insect was resting, they were jerked forward over its head by an upward and forward movement of the end of the abdomen. As we have said, a considerable number of the insects have now been safely hatched, and, therefore, we have every reason to hope that some at least will grow to maturity, in which case it will be extremely interesting to watch their development, and we may further hope that one or two at least may safely deposit their eggs, from which in turn a new generation may be brought forth.

THE MYSTERIOUS FOG-SIGNALS.

[The time at Salisbury was very short, the train not stopping more than five minutes. Loud cheers were given as the train steamed out from the station, and there was a discharge of fog-signals. Mr. Gladstone reached London early in the afternoon.]

"THE time at Salisbury was short"—

Alas! our joys are often so;

We cannot from the Fates extort

Enduring pleasure here below.

Still, though the great man's stay was brief,

His exit swift may well have been

Effective beyond all belief—

But what did those fog-signals mean?

The cheers, of course, we understand;

The joys of Launceston's woman wild

Who, in her zeal to shake his hand,

Asked the kind crowd to mind her child.

Such demonstrations are, we feel,

The natural adjuncts of the scene;

They to our sympathies appeal—

But what did the fog-signals mean?

An aged man was heard to say,

"That dear old face! I saw it plain

At Glasgow on a bygone day,

And now I see it once again."

If Launceston's dear old man I knew,

So I might strive from him to glean

Some inkling of his dear old view

Of what those Salisbury signals mean.

Where was the station-master, pray?

He could have told us what he meant,

What he intended to convey

By this ambiguous compliment.

Had he been anywhere about

It would not have been long, I ween,

Ere I had asked the man, straight out,

"Now what do those fog-signals mean?"

"Was it your purpose to suggest,

Malicious, to the local mind

That Gladstone's visit to the West

Would leave a dangerous fog behind?

That might be it, if you perchance

To Unionist convictions lean;

And that would tell us at a glance

What those discharged fog-signals meant.

"Or did you, you satiric dog,
With innuendo sly and fine,
Hint that the Great Incarnate Fog
Would shortly block the upward line?
So that all drivers London-bound
Had best be careful how they went;
That would explain the startling sound,
That would be what those signals meant.

"That any Parliamentary train
That followed him, were one so rash,
Would promptly find itself again
Landed in catastrophic smash;
That—but the symbols multiply,
And we with these may be content,
Wherein so plainly we descry
What those fog-signals must have meant."

REVIEWS.

BOOKS IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.*

WE are afraid that the youth of England are getting rather stupid. This is not laudation of times past. It is a reasonable and reasoned combination of induction and deduction. Indeed, not very long ago a person of great experience, not old, very far from being morose, and still further from being disappointed, thus delivered himself as to the said youth as represented at the Universities:—"I don't know what has come over them. They know a great deal more than we did; they know it in a more thorough and creditable manner; they are much more sensible; they haven't got any particular vices; but they don't seem to have brains." We fear that Mr. O. Elton, "late scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford," is something of an illustration of this despondent view. Mr. Elton is a most deserving person. He has read all the authorities, and has read them not without understanding. He has even read Shakespeare himself—a much more uncommon thing. He has glimmerings of the points at which what is called "modern" and "scientific" criticism becomes absurd. Some of his notes of opinion are good and his notes of information are almost always so. "A capital school edition," one is on the point of saying, and, indeed, may almost say. And then we stumble upon the two following remarks (unluckily they are not the only ones of the kind) where this ghastly prig-faced time of ours stares out in all its native deformity. Mr. Bagehot (who *had* brains) observed very properly of Shakespeare's fairies that probably he believed in them. Why not? Everybody did. And then Mr. Elton writes himself down:—"We doubt the view of this finest of Shakspearian critics; Shakespeare was large enough to use the supernatural as incomparably poetic material and not to believe in it." That is to say, because the fashion of Mr. Elton's day is small enough not to believe in the supernatural, Shakespeare is to be as Professor Huxley. Nay more, Mr. Elton gives us his exquisite reason. "In various places Shakespeare shows a sense of the way in which belief in the portentous grows, and this sense is fatal to that belief." We wonder if Mr. Elton has ever been in love; probably not; the modern young man often has not. It might have taught him something on this point. Again, he must needs lecture Shakespeare. "We," says he, with the true elderly-governess sniff, "We should think it a poor redemption for wasted time to slay a Percy!" Oh! prunes and prism, prism and prunes!

There is none of this nonsense in Mr. Deighton's new instalment of Shakespeare for the mild Black man. We have more than once or twice remarked on the singularly careful and intelligent manner in which this task, not easy to do at all thoroughly, and very easy to do wrong, has been performed, and in *The Winter's Tale* Mr. Deighton has again done good service to his master.

Mr. Orger's little book is a small collection of text emendations fairly sober, but unluckily, as is the wont of text emendations, too often unnecessary. Take the very first, on the passage in the *Tempest*—

Like one
Who, having into truth by telling of it
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie.

* *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*. Edited by O. Elton. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale. Edited by K. Deighton. London: Macmillan. 1889.

Notes on Shakspeare's Comedies. By J. G. Orger. London: Harrison. 1889.

Sir Anthony Shirley, the Author of Shakespeare's Plays. *Shakespeare's Provincialisms*. By Scott Surtees. London: Gray. 1889.

Shakspeare's Skull and Falstaff's Nose. By Belgrave Titmarsh. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

The England of Shakespeare. By E. Goadby. London: Cassells. 1889.

The Mermaid Series. Part II. *Philip Massinger*. Edited by Arthur Symonds. London: Vizetelly. 1889.

The Victoria Library—Old English Dramas. Edited by E. Jacob. London: Reeve. 1889.

Macbeth. Edited by M. Mull. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Hobbes' Behemoth. *Hobbes' The Elements of Law*. Edited by F. Tönnies, Ph.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1889.

"You cannot," says Mr. Orger truly enough, "sin into truth, but against it," and he reads "has against the," instead of "having into." If you may do this, you may do anything. Besides, it is not in the least wanted. "Into" and "unto" are constantly confused, and "unto" will give, though not a very usual, a perfectly intelligible sense. A sinner "unto truth" is a sinner "towards," and thus "against" truth. So Mr. Browning, in not his worst poem, has made Gauthier say "I have lied To God and her," when he clearly means against. Gauthier had not spoken "to" her at all. Again, Mr. Orger is puzzled by the verse in *Measure for Measure*:—

For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,

and wants to change "soul" to "rule." But surely the common *ex animo* "with all my heart and soul" gives the key perfectly well. "We have given special mental attention and preference to the selecting of him." What more is wanted?

Since Mr. Scott Surtees's two pamphlets came into our hands an unfortunate accident has removed an industrious student, and one whose double name recalls not the least pleasant passage in the history of literature. The little booklets before us need not, in any case, have received very harsh criticism, though they show that Mr. Surtees, like so many others, had not the very ghost of a notion what literary proof and literary evidence mean. He had a theory that Sir Anthony Shirley, the traveller and soldier, was the *Originalverfasser*, as the Germans have it. It is needless to say that no argument which he produced for this is worth even a moment's serious criticism. Yet one proof worthy of Delia or Donnelly may be cited. Shakespeare says, "Saddle White Surrey to the field," and there exists a State Paper with a list of chargers in which Shirley's name figures. His horse was bay; and of the rest not one is white; so of course, as the reader sees, he must have written "White Surrey." The other picks out Sussex provincialisms, apparently to show that the author is a Sussex man. Among the phrases which prove this it is sufficient to mention "afear'd," "andirons," "bavins," "clapper," "along of"—all which, of course, have never been heard of out of Sussex. We may observe, in passing, that the absurd conduct of provincial glossary-makers in including such things as special dialect lays, no doubt, a trap for the unwary; but it is a trap which the slightest common sense would deprive of its teeth and its spring.

We do not know whether Mr. Belgrave Titmarsh is any relation to Michael Angelo. We should not wonder if he were, and were also a rather clever young man in his way. But we think his relation would have warned him that there is a certain kind of cleverness so deucedly clever that it comes very near to nonsense. Every now and then, in all the welter about the Duke of Skalathurmaton, Dryasdustus, Janet Fluter, and the rest, we come across some neat verse and some good satire of Shakspeare Society persons. But then the thing goes off into the kind of stuff which clever schoolboys write in MS. school magazines, and which, we are bound to say, seems to reappear nowadays in the glory of print not unfrequently.

Mr. Goadby's *England of Shakespeare* is only a new edition, not a new book, and its intention is good enough; so that it need not be whipped even with rods, much less with scorpions. It contains a great deal of fine, and not too confused, information, partly conveyed in the form of walks about London, and the like, but generally derived from good authorities.

The second part of Mr. Symonds's *Massinger*, in the Mermaid series, contains *The Roman Actor*, *The Fatal Dowry*, *The Guardian*, *The Virgin Martyr*, and *Believe as You List*—the last being all the more appropriate in that it is not to be found in the usual editions. The collation and some of the introductions appear to be due to Mr. S. W. Orson. The notes are rather arbitrarily selected, but it is by no means easy to annotate work like this on any but a very extensive scale.

We are always glad to welcome any attempt to popularize old literature. But Mr. Evan Jacob, of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, has made rather an odd choice of *The Birth of Merlin* and *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, for the second volume of a new series, the "Victoria"; and we may observe, in passing, that he does not seem to be aware of the existence of Messrs. Warnke & Proescholdt's excellent edition of *Merlin*. Mr. Jacob discovers virtues in the first of his two plays, which show him to possess a most uncommon faculty of appreciation. *The Birth of Merlin* is by no means the worst of the pseudo-Shakspearian plays, but when we read "the play opens admirably," "the fifth act opens admirably," "comedy of the highest order," "characters admirably drawn," and so forth, we become conscious once more of that unlucky disproportion of praise which has made some persons (first allured and then provoked by such advertisements) dismiss the minor Elizabethan drama as a shelf-full of justly forgotten rubbish. As for *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, even Mr. Jacob cannot find more to say for it than that it "has several passages of considerable poetic beauty and very many effective dramatic situations." We wish he had specified them. There are a good many notes to *Merlin*, none, or hardly any, to *Cromwell*. The former show good diligence and some knowledge.

Mr. Mathias Mull has spent much pains over the text of Shakespeare and Milton; on that point there cannot be two opinions. His remarks on his predecessors are frequently acute, and it would not be fair to deny him credit for this merely because the remarks of his predecessors themselves have been, in many cases, so idiotic that acute correction of them is not beyond

the powers of an intelligent child. But when we come to Mr. Mull's own emendations, and suggestions, and criticisms, we find the malign influence affecting him also. We are sorry for Mr. Mull if Professor Skeat ever gets wind of his derivation of "about" from "à bout"; he will hear something about that "about" from the Cambridge Professor. And the chief fun of the thing is the absolute needlessness of the absurdity. Mr. Mull is upon the very simple phrase "his horses go about," which, with the substitution of "round" for "about," is usitate English to this day, and presents no difficulty to any mortal. But Mr. Mull must needs interpret it "to the edge or boundary," and fadges up a passage of the *Faerie Queene*, where the sense of "about" is equally plain, and one from *Much Ado About Nothing* (pat enough this title, certainly), in order to wrench it. So, again, he discusses the phrase "ripe for shaking," without showing the least glimmering of the fact that "shaking" ripe fruit from the tree is not an absolutely unknown proceeding. These absurdities are what has made some persons protest against this kind of text criticism altogether, and prefer even a strained interpretation of the received text to an indulgence in conjecture which, after a time, seems to blind the indulger altogether, and to make him ask himself, as a rule, not "Can this be understood as it is?" but "Is there any way, natural or non-natural, by which I can substitute something else for it?"

We most heartily wish that it had fallen to Dr. Tönnies's lot to live forty years earlier and to come across Sir William Molesworth. That chief of the philosophical Radicals of our fathers' days is said to have spent a great deal of money on the handsome, but simply unedited, edition of Hobbes, which is still the only one that we have, and the handsomeness and moderate price of which is long likely to stop the way to anything that can be called a real edition. As all who have consulted it know to their cost, it is neither critical as to text nor provided with any kind of uniform editorial apparatus—indeed, for the most part, the books are simply shovelled out into their respective volumes as chance and the printer chose. Dr. Tönnies has bestowed upon two of these works care which, as far as the text goes, is all that can be desired, though some commentary might well be added. He has gone for *Behemoth* to the original MS. which exists at St. John's College, Oxford, and has collated it carefully with the older editions, spurious as far as Hobbes's lifetime goes, and only a little improved in the authorized posthumous printed text. In the case of *The Elements of Law* (consisting of *Human Nature* and *De Corpore Politico*) he has compared more MSS. than one with the received text, and has added some unpublished tracts and notes. If Dr. Tönnies should see his way to sending us from his home in Schleswig-Holstein any more contributions towards a complete edition of Hobbes's philosophical and political works (the translations, though interesting, may be left as they are, and the mathematical works are little better than waste paper) we shall welcome them very warmly, and in that case we shall hope that he will not confine his attention to the text only.

MISS AMÉLIE RIVES'S NOVELS.*

THE author of *The Quick or the Dead* has not escaped the ridicule and the plaudits of her generation. In America she has been denounced with a superfluity of seriousness, and has also been hailed as "our woman Shakespeare." In truth, the novel which made so much noise was the novel of "a tumultuous girl," as Wordsworth said about another American young lady. There was a good deal of Ouida in it, a good deal of Miss Broughton, plenty to laugh at, and withal a kind of energy and interest by no means without promise. No sane critic could call the book a good book; it was replete with joyous and unconscious absurdity, and was by no means the sort of book that a young lady is expected to produce. But, if a young girl did not, who would sow these wild literary oats? Three new novels of Miss Rives's, or three novels new to most English readers, are now offered to the critical reader. If he is hesitating, we recommend him to take *Virginia of Virginia* first; then to consider *The Witness of the Sun* as perhaps a farewell to the influence of Ouida, and, finally, to leave *A Brother to Dragons* alone. It is not a sporting story, as the title seems to indicate, and it is written in "Wardour Street English"—as, "And she saith, there is no guerdon worthy such a knight, but if an thou"—But if an thou likest the brave old English of the modern time, fair reader, thou wilt find enow, yea, thy bellyful, in *A Brother to Dragons*.

Virginia of Virginia is nearly as simple as a story can be. The heroine is a lady of uncertain age, being twenty-one as a rule and seventeen by way of exception. She is the daughter of the overseer on a Virginian estate, which appears to be occupied by a series of Englishmen. She "rides straddle," dresses more or less like a boy, talks some deal in the manner of Uncle Remus, and, among other attractions, possesses "a fair throat, rising, boy-like, from a dark-red handkerchief," and this throat "had unusual suggestions of muscle beneath its smooth surface." Much turns on this throat, for "Virginia's massive column of cream-coloured flesh rose from the clasp of such a kerchief with infinite sugges-

tions of mythical forests and Amazonian warriors." However, it would be unfair to dwell on these and other occasional oddities of style. Virginia, to be brief, was the uncultivated Di Vernon of her native State; a queen of dogs, horses, and the hearts of Virginian men. Unluckily she lost her own to an Englishman named Roden, who had started a racing-stable in the Virginian wilds. This hero really does nothing but come, and see, and conquer. In one of the tempests which Miss Rives likes to describe, one of the storms which blow young people into each other's arms, "the wind sent his shirt in fine ripples across his back. One could distinctly see the muscles at work beneath the flexible skin. Strength, above all things, was what this little barbarian admired, and she saw it now in a perfection which filled her with unconscious satisfaction." So she loved him; but, though her hair was blown loose, and hit him in the eye, he never thought of caring for her. Indeed, this worthy Briton was emphatically no coxcomb, and, in spite of Virginia's advances, he chose her as a confidant when he became engaged to a civilized young lady, Miss Mary Errol. Therein lies all the story. Virginia saves Roden's life when he is hurt in a hurdle-race, and, when she hears that he is betrothed, she rushes out, and passes the night lying on a grave. All her rustic arts are vain, and it would be unfair to tell how she tried to be revenged, how she came too near succeeding, and how she won the forgiveness of the hero and the reader. The pathetic means employed may seem a little obvious, but they are undoubtedly moving. The pictures of Virginian life, of the old colonial home in Virginia, and of the negroes, are very good, and probably the tale is the best Miss Rives has written. No doubt she might do a great deal better, and her style, as we have tried to show, might be chastened with advantage. She has had the fairness to make Virginia's rival a nice girl, though, as she says, "so indecently thin," and, on the whole, she rather wins our sympathy for her fierce young Pocahontas. Miss Virginia expresses her affection in a little Scotch song of her own making:—

O bricht, bricht curl! O lovely, lovely curl!
O curl o' my bonny, bonny dear!
I wad that again ye were shinin' on his head,
But I wad that his head wair here.

"Waur" means "worse," not "were," we think; but it is ill work singing the songs of Sion in a strange land; nor would a girl whose speech was half negro English be likely to express herself in the tongue of the Ettrick Shepherd. The drawbacks of *Virginia* are chiefly defects of style. Miss Rives will probably discover, some day, that the simplest method of saying a thing is usually the best method, and when she has to mention the shadow of a cradle will not maintain that it looked "black, assertive, monstrous." This is too like Mr. Saltus's obelisk, which was arrerive, and his labyrinth, which was incircuiteable.

The Witness of the Sun is also a story about the loves of a young lady, passionate, poetical, *incomprise*, and Italian, with a gentleman who is not a sporting character, but a young Russian novelist. The touch of Ouida is over it all; but we scarcely think that Ouida, like Miss Rives, would call *Aeneas* "the celebrated Greek." *Aeneas* is pretty generally acknowledged to have been a Trojan. Our new heroine, Ilva, had "hair of a pale silverish gold, suggestive of moonlight through amber." Her skin "had the clear whiteness of almonds which have been soaked in water." Her eyes, "large, lustrous, were the tint of a spring rain-cloud, that indescribable bluish-grey violet which seems to make blue cold by contrast, grey harsh, and violet sentimental." At an early age Ilva wrote "Married love is like champagne with the sparkles out," and she talked literary gossip, while yet a child, with the young Russian novelist. When she grew up she and the novelist fell in love with each other, "in the best manner and the richest," as Malory says. But the Russian had a mother who was a bad old beauty, and jealous of her son's affections. She habitually caressed his curls by tugging at them with her teeth, so as to cause him some discomfort. She informed him that, if ever he married, "I shall go very quietly to your bride's house to take her a wedding present, and when she is asleep, with her white throat bent backward for your dreamed-of kisses, I shall give it one snip, deep to the left, with my little crooked toilet-scissors, and then strike her across the lips, very lightly, once with my gloves." It is clear that no columnar throat, however suggestive of "mythical forests and Amazonian warriors," could stand this treatment.

The Russian mama does not exactly play with her scissors as she had threatened, but she does break off the marriage, and the curious reader may easily find out how she did it, and amongst what wealth of language and spectacular effect the end of these things came. How the lady intoxicated a chattering little girl with Tokay, how the dolls had a private tragedy of their own, and how everybody behaved as a thorough and conscientious reading of Ouida would suggest, the anxious amateur may discover by perusing *The Witness of the Sun*. It is not without force, but it is generally without reality, as is natural when such uncommonly exotic persons have the stage to themselves. That the Russian lady of the peculiar tastes was a folklorist does not reconcile us to her conduct and demeanour, nor are we soothed by "the self-satisfaction of white sails moving placidly further and further towards the citrine west." But all this is a matter of taste, and we can readily believe that, to many impassioned readers, the whole tale, characters and all, will seem ideally delicious, especially when

* *Virginia of Virginia*. London: Routledge. 1889.
The Witness of the Sun. London: Routledge. 1889.
A Brother to Dragons. London: Routledge. 1889.

the Russian matron draws on "stockings of gold-coloured silk," and otherwise bedecks and bedrapes herself. There is no means of discerning the dates at which these tales were published, but it is natural to trust that *The Witness of the Sun* is the earliest, and *Virginia of Virginia* the latest. At least the signs will be unhelpful if the opposite hypothesis be correct, for *The Witness of the Sun* is a *pastiche*, though doubtless a clever *pastiche*.

WELLINGTON.*

MR. HOOPER has had a difficult task. To give an adequate account of the long, well-filled, varied, and (worst of all) recent life of the Duke of Wellington in 254 moderate-sized pages is as severe an exercise in the art of compression as the most daring of writers could wish to have set him. It would be so easy to fall into one of two equally tempting and equally fatal mistakes—either to keep to the great lines so closely as to omit explanatory details or to so lose oneself in details that no space would be left for the general lines. These two errors, however, Mr. Hooper has contrived to avoid very skilfully. By dint of paying a little attention the reader can always follow the movements of the wars in India and Spain. The different battles he will find given him in sharply-drawn little pictures. It is futile to complain, seeing that the book appears in a series which cannot be costly, of the absence of maps. The want of them, indeed, is sadly felt by those who want to understand a battle, and equally by those who want to be sure that Mr. Hooper has understood one. Still, maps of the battlefields of the Peninsula are not difficult to obtain. Reference to them will show the reader that Mr. Hooper has obtained a grip of the movements. In some cases the mere description is enough. Busaco, for example, the most straightforward of battles, could be reconstructed easily and accurately from the account given here. To try to work out Talavera or Salamanca from Mr. Hooper—or from the text only of Napier, for that matter—would be a very different piece of work.

There is a third possible error which Mr. Hooper has not conquered quite so triumphantly. He has not succeeded completely in keeping the proportions of his little volume down to what they should have been. Out of his 250 pages, 84 are taken up with the Duke's early and Indian career, while only 22 are given to the years after Waterloo. That is, we think, not enough for the second, and too much for the first, in a book on this scale. Wellington's service in India was most valuable to his country and to himself; but, after all, he is the leader in the Peninsula and the victor at Waterloo. We cannot help suspecting that Mr. Hooper, when he found himself at about the hundredth page, realized with something of a shock that he was running himself very close, and that he must be more brief. At about that point he certainly becomes more and more sparing of words; he packs his facts ever tighter and tighter; and at last begins to discard, till the chapter on Waterloo, though absolutely clear, is meagre. Mr. Hooper justifies the extreme brevity of his last two chapters by saying that the Duke's career as a man of action ended at Waterloo. For our part, we fail to see in what sense the decision that the Clare election showed the necessity of yielding on the Catholic claims, or the management which induced the Lords to pass the Reform Bill, were less the deeds of a man of action than the resolution not to co-operate with the Spaniards. In all these cases Wellington went through an intellectual process by which he arrived at a decision on a survey of facts. With this complaint, however, our quarrel with Mr. Hooper ends. If we had much more fault to find with him than we have we should think it more than counterbalanced by the excellent sense he shows in dealing with two platitudes about the Great Duke too frequently inflicted on us at present. He makes an example of Lord Wolseley's egregious pronouncement that Wellington was not a leader of the first rank because he did not win the devotion of his men. What constitutes the great leader is the power of getting the utmost out of his instruments, and beating everybody he had to beat. In both respects Wellington succeeded fully. That his men did not gush about him is true; but then it was not the practice of Englishmen at that time to gush. They trusted him, which was quite enough. One could wish that the Duke, in his old age, had not gone out of his way to say twice over that his soldiers were naturally a drunken rabble. The drink of the British soldier, when he got it, poor fellow! was only the equivalent of pleasures which his officers permitted themselves readily enough. But in this case the Duke was, in all probability, influenced by a dislike of foolish tall talk—and then drink was not a sin of his own liking. An exceedingly temperate man of action must have naturally hated the vice which of all others is most ruinous to discipline. Mr. Hooper is equally sound on the Duke's real position as compared with Napoleon. The scientific soldier has been of late years rather inclined—or, indeed, very much inclined—to make a fetish of the Emperor. He quotes him and his opinions as if he and they were infallible. To listen to him one would think that he had never heard of Napoleon's miscalculations, which were at least as colossal as his victories—of the insane invasion of Egypt, of the bridge at Aspern, of the seizure of Spain, of the invasion of Russia,

of the collapse of 1814, of the scheme for the invasion of England, which broke down before an incident which a thoroughly sane man would have seen to be extremely probable. Such men say, as Lord Wolseley does (Mr. Hooper turns the tables on him smartly), that, if Napoleon had been the man he was at Austerlitz, he would not have lost Waterloo; and they do not say that, if Wellington had commanded the Russians and Austrians in 1805, a very different sun would have shone on Austerlitz. It might have been a victory for the Emperor, but it would have been a very different victory. If a man once chooses to launch out on supposes he would have an easy game in showing how differently things would have gone if Wellington had been in command at Ulm in 1805, in Prussia in 1806, or in Austria in 1809. We must, as Mr. Hooper points out, judge by the facts as they were, not as they might have been. The facts as they were show that the Duke beat the best of Napoleon's Marshals one after another—and then beat him. He has given a very clear summary of that long and honourable career.

THE BATTLE ABBEY ROLL.*

THREE quarto volumes, occupied mainly with "the claims of long descent," are an offering which, in these days of brief biographies at ninepence and classics at fourpence-halfpenny, might well give the modern reader pause. But he may be reassured. There are quartos with a difference; and these are no wise akin to those bulky tomes in grey boards and white labels which, in portraits of sixty years since, serve to prop the frilled right hands of defunct divines and former Fellows of the Royal Society. The Duchess of Cleveland's quartos are small and elegant; they have white cloth sides and rubricated edges. As might be expected from the owner of Battle Abbey, the Duchess is a firm believer in its famous "Bede-roll," regarding it not at all with the hostile aspect of Sir Egerton Brydges and of Mr. Freeman, who spoke of it things derogatory and contemptuous. She has collated the copies of Holinshed and Duchesne, and she prints these, as well as the list given by Leland in his *Collectanea*, making a gallant attempt to harmonize their curious diversities of spelling. The result of her investigations is in favour of the authenticity of the record; and she arrives at the conclusion that the interpolations referred to by Dugdale of names inserted by the monks in the Roll to meet the ambitions of the pedigree-hunters have been most grossly overstated. In the pages that follow she traces, with abundance of quotation and illustration, the histories of its famous names from Aumale to Walois, winding up by a liberal double-column index, which should be practically exhaustive. The amount of research shown in these narratives is enormous, and we can well imagine that the number of peerages and county histories (and, ah! how heavy are county histories!) which have been consulted must have been enough to terrify an ordinary inquirer. What is notable, nevertheless, is that, notwithstanding its bristling names and multiplied references, the result is eminently readable, probably owing to the judicious sprinkling of anecdotes, enlivening and picturesque. "What would De Vere be without its meteor star, and De Albini without its conquered lion?" the Duchess asks, and none but the malignants of genealogy, or those "severe, sour-complexioned men" of whom old Isaak speaks, will dare to answer churlishly. She has written a thoroughly interesting book, of which the only misfortune is that it has fallen upon the evil days of Liebig literature and petty masterpieces. Her *Roll of Battle Abbey* should have been printed a few centuries back in black-letter folio, and it might then have laid in the window-seat with *Baker's Chronicle*, and been read by Sir Roger de Coverley. He doubtless would have detected an ancestor in the Roger de Covele of Oxfordshire, of whom mention is made at p. 262 of volume the first.

HEARNE'S COLLECTIONS.†

TARDY as the Committee of the Oxford Historical Society have been in bringing out this volume, the second of their publications for last year, we have received it with thankfulness, for it contains another instalment of Mr. Doble's excellent edition of the *Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*. Mr. Doble's admirable series of notes greatly enhanced the value of his two earlier volumes, for there is probably no one who has so complete or accurate a knowledge of the learned society, ecclesiastical politics, or Oxford life of the time. He has reserved his notes on this part of the work for his fourth volume, an arrangement which is to be regretted, for it impairs the uniformity of the set, and will compel the student to have two books open before him instead of one, and to turn constantly from one to the other. The present volume is more full than its predecessors of bibliographical and critical remarks, copies of inscriptions of all kinds, extracts from books, and other scraps of learning, and presents us

* *The Battle Abbey Roll; with some Account of the Norman Lineage*. By the Duchess of Cleveland. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1889.

† *Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*. Vol. III. Edited by C. E. Doble, M.A. Worcester College, Oxford. Oxford: Printed for the Oxford Historical Society. 1889.

* *English Men of Action—Wellington*. By George Hooper. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

with fewer notices of general interest. It begins with 25 May, 1710, about two months after the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, and shortly before the dismissal of Sunderland, and goes down to 14 Dec. 1712. We gather that the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell, which certainly strengthened party hatreds generally, had some effect on Hearne's spirit; his political feelings are, we think, more constantly and more violently expressed than in the earlier parts of his *Collections*. With Sacheverell himself, however, he soon became violently displeased. Even at the time of the trial he thought that the Doctor showed some lack of "integrity," and his opinion of him was confirmed when he found that Sacheverell condemned Lesley's answer to Bishop Burnet, entitled *The Good Old Cause*, which asserted the duty of "Passive Obedience without any reserve or limitation." Lesley proved that those who maintained "Non-resistance with limitations were Rascals" and "Men of no Principles," and Sacheverell, Hearne adds, "must by these reasons be included amongst them." By the Oxford Tories generally, apart from the Nonjurors, the Doctor was of course regarded with extraordinary veneration, and a sermon preached in his presence in St. Mary's, on Act Sunday, 1711, "ran chiefly upon his great virtues." The Whigs found a champion in William Bisset, and Hearne was so indignant with the Doctor that he gives a summary of the contents of Bisset's *Modern Fanatick* without expressing any disgust at it. This once famous book made a stir at Oxford, and Dr. Charlett, the Whig Master of University College, took upon himself to examine "old Mr. Ryley the Glover" as to the truth of the assertion that the Doctor used profane language when Ryley dunned him for money. Ryley was sure that he "curs'd and swear'd at a very strange rate, but as to the Number of Curses and Oaths could not be positive." Hearne found Charlett always ready to do him an ill turn, and speaks with evident pleasure of the letter in the *Spectator* signed "Abraham Froth" ridiculing his enemy and the Hebdomal Meetings. "Abraham Froth" was Charlett himself; "Sly-boots," Dr. Lancaster, Provost of Queen's, another of Hearne's enemies; and "Dominic," Dr. Gardiner, Warden of All Souls. Hearne was bringing out his edition of Leland's *Itinerary*, and many of the letters in this volume refer to the delivery of copies to subscribers. One of them seems to show that Mrs. Cherry, the wife of the great Nonjuring Squire of Shottesbrooke, was rather over-particular about money. This was by no means her husband's character; and Hearne records how, in 1712, there was an execution for debt at Shottesbrooke, and Cherry was imprisoned at Reading. He says that Dr. White Kennett, then Dean, and afterwards Bishop, of Peterborough, was the "principal actor against him." If this was so, Kennett was certainly guilty of the basest ingratitude, for he had "received many kindnesses from the Family," and had been presented to the living of Shottesbrooke by Cherry's father, "who was his singular good Friend, as was also his Son." But, Hearne observes, "we ought not to wonder at this Severity from the Dr., who is known to be a very proud, haughty, insincere Man, and guilty of abominable Wickedness in divers Respects." As friend or foe Hearne certainly was equally whole-hearted. He enraged the Oxford Whigs by some additions which he made to the *Itinerary*, and they were specially displeased with his notices of two or three of the Nonjurors, and above all of his late friend, Thomas Cherry, the squire's nephew. Charlett declared that his book ought to be burnt, and, as will be seen in a later volume, afterwards persecuted him shamefully, and one of the Fellows of the University told him that he had better have lost 20*l*. than have printed his notice of his friend. Pierce, "that white-liver'd, snivelling, conceited, and ignorant as well as Fanatical Vice-President of Edmund's Hall," fell out with him for pointing out that the Hall was not called after the Saint, but "from one Edmund or Edmunds, a farmer, who let it out to scholars," the true St. Edmund's Hall having, according to John Rouse, the Warwick antiquary, been situated "in School Street."

Among the stories with which the Jacobites at Oxford and elsewhere delighted themselves was one brought to Oxford by a Mr. Giffard—Mr. Doble will, no doubt, tell us in his next volume whether he was any relation to Bonaventure Giffard—to the effect that the "young King James III." was present at the coronation of Queen Anne, and was received by her with sisterly affection. From the same authority Hearne learnt—all present being "honest men"—that "the Duke of Marlborough, then Lord Churchill, had a design to have murder'd King James (his master) at Salisbury Plain." The Duke's dismissal and the discomfiture of the Whigs are recorded with exultation, and we are told how one Dr. Lasher, "a Dull, Stupid, whiggish Companion," gave a dinner to some of the heads of the party at Oxford, "where they all wept and lamented the downfall of their Great Duke." Another event which afforded Hearne much pleasure was the installation of Atterbury as Dean of Christ Church; he received an invitation to the magnificent dinner given by the Dean, and remarks that, "though everything was sumptuous, there was not the least Intemperance or Irregularity." He gives some account of the evil doings of the Mohocks, and notes, as Swift also does in one of his letters to Stella, that they "were all of the whiggish gang," and that "Bp. Burnett's son [Thomas Burnet, the judge], who was lately either Commoner or Gent. Commoner of Merton-Coll., and hath always been look'd upon as a young little impudent Brat," was one of their leaders. Hearne was much moved by the death of Dodwell on 7 June, 1711, "and says that, in his opinion, he was the greatest scholar in Europe when he died, but wth exceeds

that his Piety and Sanctity was beyond Compare." Dodwell might, he thinks, have prolonged his life if he "had not abstained so much from even the ordinary Refreshments of Nature." Of the death of Joshua Barnes, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, he was informed by a letter from Mrs. Barnes, who, as he reminds her in his answer, had supplied her husband with funds to enable him to publish his books. The Duke of Hamilton's duel with Lord Mohun is recorded at some length, and it is remarked that the Whigs "cried up Mohun for a Saint, though he was the greatest Debauchee and Bully of the Age." Considerable space is allotted to Hearne's correspondence, and several letters are printed, more or less at length, from Browne Willis, Hilkeah Bedford, Thomas Allen, the author of the *Practice of an Holy Life*, and other learned men. Two or three letters also from Hearne's father, the parish-clerk of White Waltham, deserve special notice. George Hearne took an intelligent interest in his son's antiquarian pursuits and collected local information for him; he seems to have had a good education, and was evidently a religious, simple-minded, and warm-hearted old man. Mr. Doble has shown his usual good judgment in giving us these letters in full; they are pleasant to read, and throw some light on the character of the home in which Hearne's early years were passed.

PHYSIOGRAPHIES AND GEOGRAPHIES.*

EVERY year brings its crop of "Physiographies"; as for "Geographies," as all that is required is half a dozen existing text-books, the latest population, and a reference to the newest "Code" in the preface, every tenth-rate teacher thinks he is competent to compile one. Professor Huxley must be rather amused, if not something more, at the varied duties which the term "physiography" has had to assume since he introduced it some twelve years ago. It existed in English before, but in a special and narrow sense. He had the happy thought of applying it to a fairly well-defined and well-ordered series of elementary facts and notions which lie at the foundation of the natural sciences. He began with a definite example; with a known region, the Thames Valley; and, illustrating the action of natural forces therein, worked his way outwards through the earth and upwards to the sun. He tells us distinctly that physiography is not physical geography in the ordinary acceptation; he ought, therefore, to feel somewhat hurt that the term which in a sense he fathered has since the first edition of his book was published been wrenched from its original application and labelled on to the subject from which he so sharply separated it. Again, in many cases the term is made to cover a confused mass of unconnected, undigested, and ill-applied statements about everything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the water under the earth; a little physics, a little chemistry, a little geology, a little natural history, a pinch of astronomy, a reference to the atmospheric envelope and deep-sea research, and a thread of geography; mix anyhow, and you have physiography. One wonders who buys all these text-books, but any sort of thing labelled "physiography" seems to pay.

Professor Hull seems to have been at a loss to decide to what category his book belongs, so he gives us the choice of three titles. He calls it a text-book of "Physiography or Physical Geography," as if the two names were synonyms for the same subject, in spite of Professor Huxley's protest, and in spite of the usage of most other writers. Then, by way of lengthening his tether, he tells us his book is an "introduction to the study of the physical phenomena of our globe." Now physiography, according to the most common acceptation, includes biological as well as physical phenomena, and as a matter of fact Professor Hull's volume deals with both plant and animal life. In a new edition Professor Hull should make up his mind what his book really is, and call it by the proper name, and he should also insist on his publisher using a type that will make the title-page look less like a hand-bill than it now does. As to the contents of the book, they are of the miscellaneous character that we are accustomed to look for in physiographies. The sections are fairly well arranged, the writing is clear, and the information given is useful and on the whole trustworthy, though we confess there are at least half a dozen other text-books of physiography already in the market quite up to Professor Hull's standard, and one or two of them we should prefer to his compilation. Part I. is astronomical and introductory; Part II. deals with terrestrial physics and dynamics; Part III. with the physical features of the globe, covering considerably more than half the volume; Part IV. distribution of plant and animal life on the globe. The most satisfactory section of this text-book is that which deals with the physical features of the globe. The teacher, however, should be on his guard as to some of Professor Hull's statements, especially with respect to the past relations of continents and oceans; no geologist of any standing now believes that "very large areas of the existing oceans have, at one time or other, been in the condition of emergent lands."

* *A Text-Book of Physiography or Physical Geography; being an Introduction to the Study of the Physical Phenomena of our Globe.* By Edward Hull, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Deacon & Co.

A Sketch of the First Principles of Physiography. By John Douglas. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

Eclectic Physical Geography. By Russel Hinman. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

⁸ The text is fairly well supplied with maps; but there are far too few illustrations for an elementary book.

Mr. Douglas's ambitious book we cannot commend; there is an affectation of smart writing, out of place in a text-book. It is difficult to know what he means by the "first principles" of physiography, which in its usual acceptation is supposed to be an elementary subject. The book consists to a considerable extent of quotations from other writers, including the Director of the Geological Survey, whom Mr. Douglas, in his ignorance, refers to repeatedly and prematurely as "Sir" Archibald Geikie. All this ought to have been digested, and the copious small-type footnotes abolished. The book abounds with formidable tables, which render it unsuitable for elementary students; while advanced students want something more complete and thorough. After a short introduction, suitable for a primer, we have four parts dealing with Force, Construction of the Earth, the Work of Solar Energy, and the Work of Secular Contraction, followed by twenty-three tables, and appendices on Terrestrial Magnetism, Atmospheric Electricity, the Aurora, Figure of the Earth, and Movements of the Earth. Why these subjects should be relegated to an appendix it puzzles us to discover. There is much that is true and much that is good in Mr. Douglas's book; but it is so crude and badly arranged that it can hardly be recommended as a text-book unless largely re-written, cut down, compressed, and the tables rendered into plain English.

Our only objection to Mr. Hinman's *Eclectic Physical Geography* is its distinctive title, which, however, is not due to the author, and is not meant to indicate the character of the book, but is simply meant to designate the series of text-books to which the work belongs. It is without exception the most satisfactory Elementary Physical Geography which we have come across. Some specialists may object to Mr. Hinman's method; this objection we do not share. Mr. Hinman has followed the usual plan of dividing his book into sections in accordance with the various phenomena which are generally included in physical geography. So far as method goes, therefore, there can hardly be said to be much originality in the work. Its claim to take the highest rank in its class rests upon its absolute clearness, its exhaustiveness, its perfect orderliness in the treatment of its subjects, the accuracy and solidity of its information, the beauty and aptness of the examples adduced, and the rare attractiveness of its style. The maps and illustrations are all carefully selected, perfectly appropriate, and well executed. True, a large proportion relate to America (for the book is American in origin), and it might have been advisable, in the English edition, to have introduced some examples from our own country. The aim of the book, the author tells us, is to indicate briefly what we know or surmise concerning the proximate causes of the more common and familiar phenomena observed at the earth's surface. Even thus restricted, as he points out, the field of inquiry encroaches to a greater or less extent upon the domain of all branches of science. It is a pity that Mr. Hinman and other writers of geographical text-books cannot at once begin with their subject proper. But as it is impossible to deal at all thoroughly with physical geography without at least an elementary notion of some of the scientific facts and principles which underlie it, a concession must be made to our defective systems of education. Mr. Hinman, therefore, like other writers, has felt himself compelled to give in an introductory chapter a condensed statement of the more important and fundamental scientific conceptions regarding the properties and phenomena of matter and energy. In fact, this is a brief sketch of some of the subjects generally included in physiography, and Mr. Hinman succeeds in conveying more real information in thirty pages than most writers of physiography text-books do in five times that space. We commend this chapter as a model to such writers. The same clearness, absence of fine writing, strict adherence to the point under treatment, perfect grasp of the subject characterize the book throughout. There are six leading sections:—The Earth as a Planet; the Atmosphere; the Sea; the Land; Weather and Climate; Life. Mr. Hinman's explanations of mountain upheaval, of earth-sculpture, of the action of running water, of glaciers, of the distribution of land and water, and other such subjects are so clear and striking that a child would have little difficulty in understanding them. Here is a sample of his method; he is speaking of Regions of Elevation and Depression:—

The mean height of the land above sea-level is a little less than one half a mile. As the mean depth of the sea is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the total mean height of the land above the sea-floor is about three miles. An elevation half as great (that is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the sea-floor) may therefore be taken to divide the regions of elevation in the earth's crust from the region of depression. In other words, not only the land, but all parts of the sea-bottom, on which the water is less than one mile deep, are to be considered as regions of elevation, while only the sea-bottom at greater depths is to be considered the region of depression. The map shows that there is but one great region of elevation. It extends entirely across the Northern Hemisphere, and at three places penetrates the Southern Hemisphere to about 40° S. latitude. The height of this continuous region of elevation is not uniform; at certain localities it does not reach quite to the level of the sea, but enough of it penetrates above the sea to constitute almost all ($\frac{999}{1000}$ ths) of the land on the globe. It may, therefore, be called the continental plateau. The only other regions of elevation rise in small, isolated areas in various localities, the largest being about the south pole and in the tropical Pacific Ocean. Collectively these isolated regions of elevation form but $\frac{1}{1000}$ ths of the land of the globe.

The section on the various Forms of Life, especially in man, is written with great discrimination and with evident knowledge and appreciation of recent research. Only the most salient facts

and conclusions are presented, details which are special to particular sciences being avoided. We hope Mr. Hinman will now deal with the applications of the geographical environment which he has so ably sketched; let him place man in the midst of it all, and work out the results in so far as they are applicable to the development of human communities.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

DR. SIMON'S *Redemption of Man* is a work of interest and importance. It is surely a very striking fact that so much of the best recent writing on the cardinal doctrine of Christianity has come to us from Nonconformists. Oxford undergraduates, reading for the theological school, have for some time been familiar with the books of Mr. Macleod Campbell and Dr. Dale, and the present work is one that they will find themselves equally unable to neglect. It is a fact to be rejoiced over, as showing the essential soundness and unity of religious life in this country. Nor does it reflect any shame upon the English Church that she should be willing to draw water even from outlying wells. The Church of England has not been idle, and can show much work of the best kind in textual criticism and exegesis, in history, patristic theology, and evidences. Doubtless there is good reason why her energies have been poured along these particular channels. The points that she has been strengthening are the points on which the enemy's attack was most immediately threatening. She has been spending

* *The Redemption of Man.* By D. W. Simon, Ph.D. (Tüb.), Professor of Theology in the Congregational Theological Hall, Edinb. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

John Allen, Archdeacon. By R. M. Grier, M.A., Vicar of Hednesford and Prebendary of Lichfield. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Colloquies on Preaching. By Henry Twells, M.A., Hon. Canon of Peterborough, and Rector of Waltham. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

The Light of Life: Sermons Preached on Various Occasions. By W. J. Knox-Little, M.A., Canon of Worcester, and Vicar of Hoar Cross. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Keble College Sermons, 1887-1888. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

The All-Father: Sermons Preached in a Village Church. By the Rev. P. H. Newham. (Preface by Edna Lyall.) London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

The Letter and the Spirit: Bampton Lectures for 1888. By R. E. Bartlett, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College. London: Rivingtons.

New Commentary on Genesis. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated by Sophia Taylor. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Manual of Biblical Archaeology. By Carl Friedrich Keil. Translated chiefly by Rev. Peter Christie. Edited by Rev. F. Crombie, D.D. 2 vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Sunbeams from Heaven for Darkened Chambers. By Hester Douglas. (Preface by Bishop of Sodor and Man.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

The Imitation of Christ by Thomas Kempis. Anonymous translation. Preface by Canon Liddon. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

The First Epistle to the Corinthians (Expositor's Bible). By the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

The Book of Isaiah, I.-XXXIX. (Expositor's Bible). By the Rev. George Adam Smith, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Lambeth Conferences of 1867, 1878, and 1888, with the Official Reports and Resolutions; together with the Sermons Preached at the Conferences. Edited by Randall T. Davidson, Dean of Windsor. London: S. P. C. K. 1889.

Pan-Anglicanism. What is It? or, the Church of the Reconciliation. By the Rev. Morris Fuller, M.A., Rector of Ryburgh. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Some urgent Questions in Christian Lights; being a Selection from some Sunday Afternoon Lectures delivered at St. Philip's, Regent Street. With Preface by the Rev. Harry Jones. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

The Parables of the Old Testament. By Alfred Barry, D.D., D.C.L., late Bishop of Sydney, and Primate of Australia and Tasmania. London: S. P. C. K.

Life of St. Jerome. By Mrs. Charles Martin. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Outlines of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall, and formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Catechizing on the Catechism. By James E. Denison, M.A., Curate of St. John the Divine, Kennington, late Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College. (Preface by Canon Liddon.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

The Ethic of Nature and its Practical Bearings. By David Balsillie, M.A. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1889.

Christian Doctrine Harmonized and its Rationality Vindicated. By John Steinfert Kedney, D.D., Professor of Divinity in Seabury Divinity School. 2 vols. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

Between the Lights: Thoughts for the Quiet Hour. Compiled and arranged by Fanny B. Bates. London: Burnet & Co.

A Loyal Heart: a Story of the Crimean War. By G. E. Nottim. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

Stories and Teaching on the Mattins and Evensong. By the Rev. William Hardman, M.A., LL.D. London: Skellington & Son.

Essays on Sacred Subjects. By the Rev. William Russell, M.A. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

The Biblical Illustrator (Galatians). By the Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co.

The Moods of the English Bible the same as in Latin and Greek. By Gavin Hamilton, Member of the Glasgow University Council. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1889.

her money, like the nation, in fleets and improved fortifications, and Dr. Simon is, no doubt, grateful that he can cultivate his vine and fig-tree in tolerable peace under the shield of the Bishop of Durham. Nevertheless the fact remains that our dogmatic theology is hardly equal to the needs of the day, at least in its systematic results, and of the Anglican divines quoted by Dr. Simon not one can be regarded as, in the old-fashioned sense, an authority on the subject of the Atonement. There are, indeed, many minor faults to be found with the book before us. Dr. Simon acknowledges that it is rather a "collection of studies" than a complete treatise, and that even as studies they are "rough and sketchy." It is imperfect and unequal. The style is, in places, colloquial and obscure. There are many misprints and ugly little flaws. Even in haste Dr. Simon should not talk about "such points as were not wrote down" (p. 170). We are sure that he did not really mean to make the Son the Third Person of the Trinity (p. 356). It is, perhaps, useless to complain about Greek accents, though in this respect Dr. Simon is worse than Archdeacon Farrar, which is saying a great deal. There is a great parade of antiquarian lore, extending in its range from Rome to China, but some of it is trite, and some is inaccurate. The Syllabus at the beginning of the book is not well drawn. And Dr. Simon should not make ill-natured flings at Episcopalians (pp. 46, 65). But these little petulances we can the better excuse because they are the defect of a good quality. Dr. Simon throws his heart into his work, and his book is warmed throughout, like that of Dr. Dale, by deep feeling exhibiting itself in just enough rhetoric to relieve the necessary coolness of a scientific treatise. But let us leave fault-finding—an ungracious task at best—and turn to the subject-matter. Dr. Simon begins by stating the three great questions involved in the Atonement—the nature of our Lord's sufferings, their purpose, and the mode in which that purpose is effected. Postponing the third of these, the doctrine of justification by faith, for future discussion, he proceeds to classify all theories of the Atonement on the basis of the second—according, that is to say, as the Passion is supposed to have influenced the mind of God, or to have influenced only the mind of man. The historical review of opinion given here is the least satisfactory portion of the book. Dr. Simon deals chiefly with modern authorities, many of them of no great significance, and does not go very deeply into their divergences. Hence we do not obtain those clear definitions of leading terms without which it is difficult to start comfortably on a discussion so involved and so much debated as this. But the classification is clear and good, if not exactly new, and will help to keep the student free from many confusions of thought. Dr. Simon insists emphatically upon the objective view; he holds, that is to say, that the Atonement must be regarded, not merely as effecting a change for the better in the soul of man, but as altering effectually the relation of God to man. It is well known that, since the days of Abelard, the subjective theory, that what Christ did was merely to make an appeal of extraordinary power to the affections and intelligence of our race, has been gaining ground, and is now largely characteristic of so-called Liberal theology. The point is one of vital importance, but its issues are not always clearly discerned; and Dr. Simon, following here in the track of Dr. Dale, has done much to set these issues in their true light. Both writers explain with great force the reality and the meaning of the anger of God; but Dr. Simon's treatment of it as the Divine zeal for the integrity of the Divine life will strike the reader as profound and original. Other writers have spoken of anger as the reverse side of love. Here it is regarded as the safeguard of holiness; and, though the idea is familiar to all who are acquainted with the *Dream of Gerontius*, it is elaborated by Dr. Simon with singular power. The difficulties that have been felt on this ground arise from the doctrines of the unchangeableness and the absoluteness of the Deity. What Dr. Simon has to say on these two points may seem a little startling, yet those who admit that love differs from good nature just because it implies sympathy and the capacity for indignation will find themselves in accord with him upon the whole. The other principal questions that Dr. Simon has addressed himself to answer are, What was the exact nature of the Passion? How can God forgive? How can He accept the sufferings of the innocent for those of the guilty? On all Dr. Simon has many things to say that will repay attentive consideration, some things—for instance, the idea of corporate duties in religion arising out of the corporate relations of mankind—that strike one as denoting remarkable elevation of view in a staunch representative of Congregationalism. There is, however, one important point on which Dr. Simon leaves us in unpleasant doubt. He uses expressions that seem to imply that he regards the Logos as Archetype of man in such a way that His nature, while perfectly and truly Divine, may also be called perfectly and truly human, and employs language (pp. 2, 3, 307, 321) which might lead to the conclusion that he recognizes only one nature in Christ. We are not sure that we understand him rightly about this; but it is a point on which there should be no possibility of misconception.

Mr. Grier's *Life of Archdeacon Allen* is admirably executed. It is not too long, and it is marked throughout by keen insight and perfect veracity. Mr. Grier knows so well why his father-in-law deserved to be loved that he can afford to delineate all those little human traits that give distinction to character with a fearless hand. Hence he has produced a most lifelike portrait. Mr. Grier need not have apologized for his "unskillfulness in writing." What he has given us is quite a model biography, and if want of

practice produces this result, it is much to be regretted that the defect is not more common. Archdeacon Allen well deserved such a memorial, if only as a Liberal who lived through the stormy years from 1810 to 1887 without once drifting from his anchor. In years to come all information respecting that great central body of the Church which remained unshaken, if not untouched, by Tractarianism, on the one hand, and Neologianism on the other, will have a peculiar value. At Cambridge Allen held a place among that distinguished set of which Arthur Hallam and Tennyson were leaders. Thackeray, who was at Trinity at the same time, is said to have used him as a model for Major Dobbin. But the shy and stammering Major reflects only the goodness without the pugnacity of Allen, who to the end of his days was characterized by great fearlessness and promptitude, not without a tinge of obstinacy. Bishop Lonsdale said of him, "Yes, he is pigheaded, but I love him." Early marriage and a busy official life kept him out of the vortex of the Oxford Movement, and he seems to have felt little sympathy with advanced Liberalism; but he reflected the best features of all parties—the admiring friend of Maurice, and apparently of Carlyle, yet the attached and faithful servant of Bishops Otter, Lonsdale, Selwyn, and MacLagan. His literary productiveness was insignificant, consisting mainly of eager and ill-written letters to the *Times*. But he was one of the first School Inspectors, possibly the very one who was saluted by Archdeacon Denison's children with the song of "Goosey, goosey gander," and steered the examination scheme with success through the great difficulties and jealousies that at first beset it. To the last he retained a warm interest in education, though his practical energies were absorbed by his work as Rector of Prees and Archdeacon of Salop. But all good activities found in him a warm-hearted advocate; in particular he was a staunch friend of the agricultural labourer, and never feared to speak his mind to the squire. One of his sensible maxims was that feeling without corresponding action had a hardening effect. "When, for example, a man was suddenly killed in the village, he desired his children to make a dress for the widow, and inquired carefully if every one of his daughters had put some work into it. 'For the same reason,' adds Mr. Grier, who seems to have an uneasy feeling that some reason is required, 'he could not bear to have a meeting without a collection after it.' Mr. Grier has given us an excellent picture of a very beautiful life, all the more beautiful for its quaintness and impulsiveness, and his book ought to find many readers.

Canon Twells touches an important question in his *Colloquies on Preaching*. Our late political changes render it absolutely necessary that the clergy should make the most they can of the sermon. Eloquence is not, indeed, of such vital necessity to the Church as to the Dissenting communities, because the sense of a great corporate unity is in itself a powerful stimulus. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that democracy wants talk and will have it. What is true of Parliament in this respect is true also of the Church. The good old family candidate, with his speech in the bottom of his hat, can no longer command the votes of the meeting which he addresses in the village school-room. They listen in stolid silence, but they vote for the "pleasant-spoken gentleman," who can make them understand what he means. The parson is even worse bested, for unless he can find acceptable words his people will not come to listen at all. They will take his soup and his hospital tickets, but if his sermons are old or dry he will preach them to empty pews, and the Church will lose so many voters. Yet, at the same time, speech of all kinds, and preaching in particular, is more craved for and more effectual than at any date since the Reformation. What is wanted is, not more learning, though that is not to be despised, but more life. The vicar must speak to the people in the people's tongue, and not be above learning the tricks of the trade from the stump orator or even the local preacher. He need not be vulgar, but he ought to understand that it is worse to be genteel. He is a fisher of men, and if fate has given him roach to catch instead of salmon, he must use ground-bait. Canon Twells puts all this with great good sense and in a very amusing way. His *Colloquies* show us how the sermon is talked over by typical hearers—Hodge and the churchwarden, artisans and bicyclists, and ladies old and young. The young curate who wants to do his work in a workmanlike way may read this bright little book with great advantage.

There is no lack of good sermons for educated or half-educated people. Canon Knox Little's volume, *The Light of Life*, has been listened to by crowds, and will no doubt find numerous readers. *Keble College Sermons*, by the late Warden and other distinguished University preachers, are admirably adapted to the needs of a congregation of undergraduates. The late Mr. Newnham's *All-Father* is an excellent little volume of village sermons. The book, however, is open to the same objection that might be urged against almost all similar volumes. They are pious, doctrinal, simple, clear, but they are written for devout children, for peasants in an idyl, for Hodge as he seems to the parson, not for Hodge as he is. They will be read—at any rate they ought to be—but not by ploughmen or ploughmen's wives. Mr. Bartlett's *Bampton Lectures* we cannot exactly praise from any point of view. The subject, the contrast between *The Letter and the Spirit*, is one that could hardly have been made either attractive or instructive without much more definite treatment than is given to it here. We do not want eight solemn lectures to tell us that forms are very good things in their way. Mr. Brooke put the case much more concisely in his favourite axiom "That kind of

thing may be carried much too far, you know." Mr. Bartlett apparently belongs to that hazy school which cannot keep quiet and yet cannot get beyond the idea that "something must be done." "It may be," he says, speaking of the Church of the future, "that we shall have to sacrifice some of our prepossessions, some of the things that we have identified with Christ's religion, some of the oldness of the letter." But when a Bampton Lecturer takes to prophesying, we expect him to tell us what is really going to happen.

Two additions to Messrs. Clarks' Foreign Theological Library, the first volume of Delitzsch's *New Commentary on Genesis* and Keil's *Biblical Archaeology*, will be welcomed by students of the Old Testament. The translation appears to be well done, though some fault might be found with that of the first-mentioned work. Notes ought to be given in explanation of terms which may be, or may not be, familiar to Germans, but certainly puzzle the English reader. What, for instance, is the Acro-Phoenician principle which Delitzsch finds in the alphabet?

Sunbeams from Heaven is one of those pathetic books that tell us how one weighed down by long illness found comfort, patience, and even joy, and with them the will and power to impart her secret to other children of sorrow.

Another book that seems admirably fitted for devotional use is an anonymous translation of the *De Imitatione*. It is based upon Dr. Hirsche's edition of the 1441 Codex, and endeavours to reproduce the rhythmical character of the original. This has not been effected with perfect success. There are passages which read very musically, others sound and look too like plain prose chopped into lengths, while a few will actually scan and form a bald kind of verse. The book is divided in the margin into portions that may be read on each successive day of the year.

Dr. Marcus Dods's *Commentary on The First Epistle to the Corinthians* may add to his reputation as a preacher, but will not raise his standing as a theologian. We are glad to see that, upon the whole, he approves of "Paul," but he appears to yearn for something better. The book is pleasantly written and some people may find it instructive. The great object is to show that St. Paul (it is as well to give him his title occasionally) was a nineteenth-century Dissenter of the broad and foggy kind. The task is not an inviting one for an expositor of this particular Epistle, but Dr. Dods does not want courage. First of all, we come upon the schisms at Corinth. Dr. Dods begins by dwelling with much good sense on "the mischief done by disunion in the Church," and ends with the extraordinary conclusion that unity of organization, and apparently unity of creed, are not desirable things. "Paul" would have made short work of this kind of gloss upon his meaning. It is not right to say that "to this man (St. Paul) we owe our Christianity," nor is it true that "the government of the Church was in Paul's idea thoroughly democratic." If Dr. Dods will read again the passage in question (that treating of the excommunication of an offender), he will see that the Apostle intervened in very high-handed fashion. And it is ridiculous even to mention club dinners in connexion with the Agape. Not one of St. Paul's converts, except those living at Rome, had ever seen or heard of a club.

Mr. Smith's book upon *Isaiah* claims to be based upon independent study of the Hebrew text, and his services to criticism must be appraised by brother experts. He writes with great rhetorical power, and brings out into vivid reality the historical position of his author. But he ought not to reckon Shakespeare and Victor Hugo side by side with Isaiah among the "few great prophets." It is not sane criticism to place the creators of Fantine and Falstaff in the same category with the son of Amoz.

Two volumes on our list owe their motive to the Lambeth Conferences. The Dean of Windsor's book has a very official air, and contains a full and authoritative collection of all the documents. The value of such *mémoires pour servir* will be well understood. Time alone can unfold the full significance of these remarkable gatherings, but the reader will find in these pages an imposing display of the greatness, vitality, power, and usefulness of the Church or confederation of churches that looks to Canterbury as its lawful or spiritual centre. The things that will strike him as most curious probably are the somewhat ungenerous letter in which Dean Stanley refused to throw open Westminster Abbey to the first Synod in 1867, on the ground that it "had no definite object of usefulness or charity apart from party or polemical considerations," and the very singular statement in regard to an episcopal consecration by a certain schismatical American Bishop of the name of Cummins. Reordination has been insisted upon in the case of certain clergymen who wished to come back from the "Cummins schism" into the Church. The particular incident is trivial enough, but it seems to have a grave bearing on a famous and by no means trivial controversy on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Fuller's *Pan-Anglicanism* is a well-meant and not badly-written attempt to show what the Lambeth Conferences may lead to. The author foresees a Patriarchate of Greater Britain, and dwells with rapture on its possibilities. This is a little premature.

The Rev. Harry Jones is a fortunate man, who can not only get friends to preach his sermons for him, but can then persuade them to let him publish those sermons in a book. The result is a queer kind of picnic, in which the dishes range from Positivism to Vegetarianism—good eating, it may be, but very confused.

Bishop Barry's *Parables of the Old Testament* collects all those passages which can be brought under the scope of his title, and explains them "for simple readers," yet with sound scholarship,

and in an attractive style. Mrs. Martin's *Life of St. Jerome* is pleasant reading, but appears to be based chiefly on French Catholic writers, and has no claim to originality. The author seems to feel more admiration for the saint's austerities and more tolerance for his fiery and vindictive temper than is common. Mr. Moule's *Outlines of Christian Doctrine* seems likely to be useful to young students who want a clear and well-arranged handbook, and Mr. Denison's *Catechizing on the Catechism* abounds in hints that will be found of value in the Sunday School or for children's services. We have received also Mr. Balsillie's *Ethic of Nature and its Practical Bearings*, a sprightly volume of essays on questions social and moral rather than theological, though not without a religious cast; Dr. Kedney's *Christian Doctrine Harmonized; Between the Lights*, a graceful devotional anthology; *A Loyal Heart; Stories and Teaching on Mattins and Evensong; Essays on Sacred Subjects*, by the Rev. W. Russell; a new volume of *The Biblical Illustrator*, and *The Moods of the English Bible*. The last, though not so certified on affidavit, is apparently an elaborate Scotch jest on the Subjunctive Mood.

ART AND LETTERS.*

THE June number of *Art and Letters* is noticeable, if for no other reason, for its three striking coloured plates of groups of Birds of Paradise. The accompanying article, signed by M. Emile Blanchard, gives the latest knowledge regarding those singular and exquisite creatures with a pleasant fullness. But the plates themselves are quite remarkable. They reject altogether the conventional mode of design in zoological illustration, and give a sort of rendering which is midway between Japanese selection and the realism demanded by European science. These pictures bear the initials J. H. D., which, if we are not mistaken, are those of M. Habert-Dys. The drawing of the Bald Bird of Paradise, with its curling tail-feathers of pale violet, its "cape" of straw-colour, and its mantle of vermillion, is remarkably gorgeous. And it does not strike us that these illustrations err in excess, but rather in timidity, of colour. For instance, we can hardly admit that the washed-out claret hue given to the plumage of *Paradisæa rubra* does justice to the brilliant crimson of the original. But the drawing of the birds is admirable, and marks a great advance on any plates of the kind which we have hitherto seen.

The other attractions of the number are a facsimile of a water-colour drawing, by M. Jean Béraud, of a "Mondaine" reading her breviary in church; reproductions of various quaint contemporary illustrations of the life of Friedrich Wilhelm I. of Prussia; a short story, called "Temptation," by M. Th. Bentzon, illustrated by that clever draughtsman, M. Lynch; and a copious article on the Italian Army in 1889, with illustrations, in the manner of De Neuville, signed L. Marchetti. The "pictures of the year" are Gérôme's "Lioness," Clairin's "Portrait of Madame S—," Tofano's "Woman with the Pin," and others; while sculpture is represented by a bust, a charming "Gamine," by René de Saint-Marceaux.

OLD LONDON WILLS.†

THIS volume has been long expected, and will be very warmly welcomed by students of London history. The Court of Hustings, as Dr. Sharpe observes, "is of Scandinavian origin, being a remarkable memorial of the sway once exercised over England by the Danes and other Northmen." The name of the Court plainly points to its being held in a house, and not, like other "things," in the open air. The term, in an incorrect form, Hustings, is commonly applied to open-air assemblies for the election of members of Parliament; but there is little evidence as to when it was first instituted in London, and its mention among the laws of Edward the Confessor is of doubtful authenticity. Bishop Stubbs is of opinion the Court of Hustings was the general meeting of the citizens; but most authorities have regarded it as the County Court of London, and Dr. Sharpe evidently inclines to this view. It was the only Court of record; and Dr. Sharpe traces its history from the time when it was the sole Court for settling disputes between citizen and citizen down to the present day. The enrolment of deeds in the Hustings commences in 1252, but of late years very few have been enrolled, and these chiefly deeds of gift to scholastic institutions. Wills were always proved in open Court, on the oaths of two of the subscribing witnesses; and it is with a series of abstracts of these wills that the main body of Dr. Sharpe's present volume deals. The whole number of wills upon the rolls of the Court exceeds four thousand, of which more than half are here calendared. No will has been enrolled since 1688.

* *Art and Letters*. An Illustrated Review. June 1889. London: Boussood, Valadon, & Co.

† *Calendar of Wills Proved and Enrolled in the Court of Hustings, London, 1258-1688*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L., of St. John's College, Oxford. Part I. 1258-1358. London: printed for the Library Committee, Guildhall. 1889.

The number in 1348 and 1349 far exceeds that of any other year, owing to the ravages of the plague known as the Black Death, by which in some cases whole families perished. Dr. Sharpe gives some curious examples where the wills of a husband and wife or of a father and son were proved together, showing that they must have died at short intervals. Dr. Sharpe sensibly remarks that "the method of conveyancing real estate at the present day possesses one great and palpable defect—the want of sufficient notoriety." It was to secure this notoriety that in Saxon times conveyances were executed at the County Courts, and the enrolment of deeds in the Court of Husting of London was for the same purpose. The old restrictions upon freedom of testamentary disposition obtained in the City long after they had been abolished elsewhere. A citizen must leave to his wife at least a third of his personal estate, and his children as much. This rule operated in preventing City men from taking up the freedom, and it was finally abolished in the reign of George I. On the other hand, freemen could devise their lands to any one, as if they were chattels, and even leave them in mortmain without special license. In this way, notwithstanding the resistance of some members of the family, one of the descendants of Henry "of Londonstone" left the mansion of the first mayor to the Prior of Todington, a small monastery near Arundel. When the reader has gone carefully through Dr. Sharpe's learned introduction he will be able to see the importance and value of the bulk of the volume, containing summaries of a series of wills which, "in point of number and antiquity, are unequalled by any others within the United Kingdom." There are few, if any, wills at Somerset House older than 1360; but the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have in their Library some very ancient examples, of which a calendar has been published in the Ninth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

The side light thrown on various branches of historical research by these records is very considerable. In 1349, for example, there was enrolled the will of Richard Chaucer, vintner, who was supposed by Stow, Riley, and others to be either the father or the grandfather of the poet. But, after considerable research, Dr. Sharpe and Mr. Walter Rye identify him as the "step-grandfather" of Geoffrey Chaucer; for it seems that Mary, his wife, who is mentioned in the will, had been twice previously married—namely, to a man named Heyroun, by whom she had a son, and to a certain Robert le Chaucer, of Ipswich, by whom also she had a son, John, the poet's father. Thirdly, she married Richard Chaucer, presumably a relative of her second husband, and, dying before him, was buried in the church of "S. Mary de Aldermariechirche." Her son, Thomas Heyroun, left tenements in the city to "his brother, John le Chaucer." It is impossible to open the book anywhere without coming on something interesting, although Dr. Sharpe is evidently averse to cumbering his pages with footnotes. Among the victims of that same unhealthy year, 1349, which saw the deaths of Richard Chaucer and of his stepson, was one John Spot, chaplain. This seems to have been a learned divine, and the list of books which he bequeaths is remarkable. In addition to a volume of legends, and the Sixth Book of the Decretals, he leaves to Sir John de Aldham, chaplain, a manuscript named *Pars Oculi Sacerdotis*, "with all the quires thereto annexed, and one quire called *Speculum Minoris*." By a curious coincidence, there seems no reason to doubt that this very volume of John Spot's has been identified in the Guildhall Library, though how it came there is unknown.

We cannot go through the whole book in this way, but may pause at one more point to which, as being of considerable importance, Dr. Sharpe calls special attention in his introduction. Readers of Stow and of many later London histories, will have noticed the fact that an aldermanry in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was a property which could be bequeathed and could be sold. The typical example is that of the ward of Farringdon or Farndone. Stow tells of it that the whole great ward was called after "W. Farindon, goldsmith, alderman of that ward," which he had purchased from John, son of Ralf le Fevre. A good many other names are mentioned by Stow in relation to this transaction, but they need not concern us here, further than this, that Stow goes on to say that William Farindon's ward descended to his son Nicholas, and that these two held the aldermanry between them for eighty-two years. By comparing various wills in Dr. Sharpe's pages we find that Stow's statement must be very considerably modified. It seems that William, the first alderman, died in 1294, leaving his estates to his daughter and her husband Nicholas, who assumed the name of Farindon, and who seems to have been identical with Nicholas, the son of Ralf le Fevre. He died apparently in 1334; so that he and his father-in-law held the aldermanry for fifty-five years, not for eighty-two. Nicholas left a daughter, Roysia, to whom he bequeathed certain property, and a grandson, the child of his daughter Roysia; but what her husband's name was we are not informed. In addition to his other legacies, Nicholas further bequeaths to John de Pulteney "le Aldermanrie of Farndon within Ludgate and Newgate and without." This was the great Sir John Pulteney, or Pountney, who was four times mayor, and who died in 1349. In his will he makes no mention of the Wards of Farringdon. The results of Dr. Sharpe's researches, therefore, on this one subject alone are to give us particulars we never had before as to the Farringdon family and the descent of its estate. The practice of changing a surname was far from being uncommon at this period, and adds great difficulty to the genealogist's researches. It may, of course, be said that Le

Fevre, in English "the smith," meaning probably a goldsmith, was rather a description than a surname, and was easily exchanged for a territorial designation like Farringdon, or, as Dr. Sharpe usually gives it, Farndone. Yet the younger Nicholas mentions "Ralph le Fevre" in his will in 1334. That the true story of the descent of Farringdon Ward should not have come to light before is the more curious because Roysia, the daughter of Nicholas, disputed certain clauses of the will, and what must have been a protracted lawsuit ensued. That Pulteney was alderman of Farringdon Ward is a fact not mentioned in any notice of that illustrious mayor that we have met with, and seems to have been unknown even to the indefatigable Wilson, whose unfinished history of *The Parish of S. Laurence Pountney* is a monument of unflinching labour. Sir John's residence was not in the ward, but in that of Candlewick, and the parish ever since called after him in the corrupted form mentioned above extends partly into three wards, but nowhere into Farringdon. Dr. Sharpe is probably correct in assuming that, as the aldermanry was bequeathed to him, he became the alderman; but some further proof of the fact is desirable. We have only mentioned a few of the historical questions on which light will be thrown by Dr. Sharpe's labours. A mere survey of the names in his index would be interesting, for the period here covered was eminently one of transition in this respect, and the fixed surnames of modern times were only coming into family use. We hardly expected to meet Willekin, who flourished before 1278, whose sister was "Emmota," and whose wife was "Frechesaunchia." A certain proportion, especially in the earlier pages, seem to have had no surnames, as "Agnes, late wife of the King's Poulterer," and "Abel, rector of the church of Brumleye." In 1313 there is mention of Robert, "called Atte Lane end." Edmund Atte Cherche is appropriately named as kinsman to Thomas Atte Puwe, and Henry le Wyte as nephew of Walter le Blund. Blund, Blunt, and Blount were all probably the same as Blond, and Wyte or White was the English version of the same name.

THE PREHISTORIC ANTIQUITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.*

THIS magnificently illustrated monograph by Dr. Uhle contains an interesting description of the collections of prehistoric objects which have been dug up by three German men of science during a prolonged residence for purposes of research in Colombia and other parts of Central America. Part of this noble collection, which is now going to enrich the Museum at Leipzig, was formed by Drs. Stübel and Reiss between the years 1868 and 1877; the other part, including some of the finest examples of early pottery and gold ornaments, was collected by Dr. Koppel, who has spent twenty-five years working on the prehistoric antiquities of Ecuador. The chromo-lithographic plates, which form the most important part of this costly work, are executed with most remarkable skill, and have an artistic merit which in some cases seems almost too good for such inartistic subjects. Both in form and colour the most minute accuracy seems to be attained; and, as the authors quite truly remark, with such illustrations as these it becomes almost needless for the student to examine the original objects. The greatest credit is due to the lithographer, M. Julius Klinkhardt, of Leipzig, for the very high quality of his work.

On examining these, as we find to be the case with many other examples of prehistoric workmanship, the most striking point is the curious sameness of the human mind at an early stage of development in all ages and in all countries. Not only in his first struggles to deal with various materials, such as baked clay or the precious metals, does he painfully and imperfectly attain his end by the same defective technical processes, but certain definite types of ornament seem to come naturally into his mind, and are repeated again and again with very little variation, whether he be a native of ancient Egypt, a prehistoric dweller in the islands of the Greek Archipelago, or a member of the once rich and powerful race which inhabited the country of the Peruvian Incas. A great deal of the pottery from the Tombs of Colombia is of an anthropomorphic type, closely resembling some of the prehistoric vases from Hissalik, Mycenæ, and other ancient Greek sites. But, rude and ugly as the Greek figures are, the American potter's work is more actively hideous. In fact, an actual love of ugliness is one of the main characteristics of the Peruvian and other South American races.

The Greek potter, even at a very early stage, evidently struggled to attain some kind of beauty in his forms, and in process of development rapidly gained the power of producing graceful shapes. But with the ancient American it was not so; as his art became more developed and his technical processes more perfect, the artist produced forms of almost devilish ugliness, instead of rising to any increased sense of beauty. This innate love for beauty is one of the main characteristics of the Aryan race, and its absence is strikingly manifest, not only among the semi-barbarous races of prehistoric America, but is still to be found among the technically-skilful workmen of China and Japan, whose power of attaining to anything like nobility or beauty of form breaks down utterly when they try to represent either the human form, or any of the nobler animals, such as the horse.

* *Kultur und Industrie südamerikanischer Völker*. A collection formed by A. Stübel, W. Reiss, and B. Koppel. With Description of the Plates by Max Uhle. Vol. I. Berlin: Asher & Co. 1889.

The early American pottery is not, however, all ugly. The simpler forms of cups and vases are in many cases very graceful, partly, no doubt, because with the rhythmic movement of the potter's wheel it is difficult to prevent the plastic clay from assuming pretty shapes, almost as difficult as it would be to blow an ugly soap-bubble. Many examples of this pottery are wonderfully like the early Cyprian ware, especially some vases of the *amphora* type, and goblets standing on a tall stem. Moreover this closeness of similarity is not merely in the shape; the painted ornament is frequently of thoroughly Greek type, especially those designs which are taken from the patterns of woven textiles, such as grass matting and the like, which in all countries seem to be among the earliest forms of ornament which are invented by man. Another class of ornament, of almost equally wide distribution, is not wanting on this American ware—that is, various arrangements of spirals, which have evidently been suggested by the coils of a wire.

Among the fine collection of gold ornaments discovered by Dr. Koppel, and illustrated in this volume, are some very interesting examples of the spiral wire decoration in gold, which clearly has suggested the spiral ornament to the vase-painter. This connexion between the art of the goldsmith and that of the potter is an interesting one, as a constant characteristic of very early art is the use in one material of forms of ornament which have come naturally from the use of another material. Thus, for example, we find the oldest type of painted wall decoration both in ancient Egypt and the Palace of Tiryns to be a copy with the brush of diapers and fringes which came almost unsought to the maker of woven stuffs. It is not till both artistic taste and technical skill are highly developed that the designer takes pains to suit his design to the material he is working in. The loss of this intimate connexion between a design and its material is often one of the first signs of its decadence; as, for example, when the tapestry-weavers of Arras and Brussels began to work pictorial designs, such as Raphael's cartoons, which were executed with no thought of the special exigencies of the loom, the real art of tapestry-weaving was soon to receive its death-blow at the hands of the clever but tasteless weavers of the Gobelin factory. It was precisely the same with the once noble art of mosaic-working; when once mosaics were made as slavish copies of oil-paintings the process ceased to rank among the fine arts and degenerated into mere workmanship.

Among the most interesting objects in this prehistoric collection are some fine pieces of most wonderfully preserved textiles, including a short tunic with sleeves which is in an almost perfect state, in spite of its very great antiquity. Here, again, we find early Egyptian and Greek patterns, which look exactly as if they had come from a tomb at Thebes or at Panticapeum, especially the bands of ornament formed of minute animals and birds conventionally treated, woven in yellow, blue, or white on a crimson ground, very effective, and highly decorative in treatment.

Another class of textile ornament illustrated in this volume is no less curious from its close resemblance to the forms used by the carpet-weavers of early Moslem countries, and also very like Persian stuffs in the skillful arrangement of the colours, superimposed and counter-changed in precisely the same fashion as that of the best Oriental rugs of the fifteenth century, which we know so well, not from the frequency of existing specimens, but on account of the loving care with which the Italian and Flemish painters of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century so often introduced them into their pictures. With regard to the date of this fine collection little or nothing can be asserted. The prehistoric antiquities of a country which has no history, except a very brief chapter on its destruction, must be even more mysterious than those of other prehistoric races about whose later development we possess some record. The work of destruction and obliteration wrought by Cortes and Pizarro has been most sweeping and complete, and we can only hope gradually to piece together some dim outline of the past history of Colombia and Peru by the aid of such careful and industrious explorers as are the joint authors of this very interesting and splendidly illustrated work.

FANCY PIGEONS AND OTHER BIRDS.*

THIS pleasant little book is divided into three parts, Part II. only being devoted to the pigeon fancy. The rest is full of very agreeable and amusing gossip about song birds and country walks. Mr. Ure says (p. 66) that he is "writing in the desultory manner forced on me," and we may take his word for it without further comment on his style. He has been a pigeon-fancier for fifty years, but he has been a great deal more than that, for he has been a fancier of all birds and flowers, and evidently a lover and devotee of nature from his boyhood. Moreover, if we mistake not, the cream of his book, outside the Fancy (pigeon-fanciers are called the *Fancy*), is about other birds than pigeons. On the sound principle of business first and pleasure afterwards, let the pigeon part—Part II.—have precedence.

There could hardly be a better name than the *Fancy* for people who are absorbed in the contemplation of pigeons, have their minds crammed full of pigeons, and evolve from their inner consciousness most wonderful and monstrous forms, which they

actually succeed, by close attention to breeding, in materially and tangibly imposing on this curious bird. Some pigeons are so highly bred that they cannot fly; some that they cannot see; others that they cannot eat; others that they cannot walk; and others—tumbler—tumble themselves to death, so much has breeding done for them. Mr. Ure says "that breeding is an art, and a difficult one too, is known best to those who have studied it longest," and there he speaks words of wisdom and truth. He describes his pigeons, and refers to his various crossings to bring out certain desired qualities, laying down the well-known maxim that the older the quality—that is, the greater number of generations in which a quality has been fixed—the surer it is to be reproduced. But during his long experience of fifty years, and being certainly a good observer, he does not seem to have made any valuable discoveries in the hidden mysteries of breeding. For example, has the cock or the hen most to do with the qualities of the offspring? In the case of the deeper-bred bird it is well known that his or her qualities are inherited most, but how is it in other respects? or what is it that influences the sexes of the young? He mentions one nest that he had, which were all hens. "The theory of Darwin I am no believer in," he says (p. 89), satisfied that his own experience in pigeon breeding sufficed him in holding that heresy. But he can hardly have read Darwin's *Variation of Animals under Domestication*, where pigeons themselves, and the great facilities they offer for variation by breeding, are fully discussed in the complete way usual with the great naturalist. Mr. Ure is a fancier pure and simple; and, although he has exhibited pigeons successfully, winning first prizes at great shows, he rightfully condemns the shows and showmen for the trickery and money-making which are far too common. "I may say that, in the whole of my experience, I never knew an instance of a real fancier being a degraded or immoral man" is one of his generalizations, most gratifying to read.

The three "aristocratic high-class breeds" are the pouters, the carriers, and the shortfaces; but the fantail follows hard on them. There are very good plates, after accurate drawings of real birds; and a pouter graces the frontispiece, using the word "grace" in the *Fancy* sense. To a poor, ignorant, unfeeling person this plate looks like an exaggerated picture of a monster of ugliness. But, so far from that being the real truth of the matter, it is a faithful likeness of one of the most beautiful and perfect pouters that ever was bred. So much for *Fancy*! A common mortal man might think a fantail rather a pretty pigeon, having seen it about stable-yards, &c.; but the correct drawing of a perfect fantail facing p. 168 will undeceive him, and "give him a turn," as the nursery-maids say. The public will be surprised to hear—or perhaps nothing will surprise them when they know what *Fancy* breeds—that the carrier, second only to the pouter in aristocratic rank, must on no account carry anything. The peculiar fancy affecting him is to have wattles and excrescences round his eyes and beak. In his case there is great beauty of form ruined by these hideous wattles. It is not unlikely that he is placed behind the pouter in pigeon aristocracy because his shape is so really fine as a bird. The real carrier at the present day is the home pigeon, or homer, as he is called—a bird of the greatest use for his faculty of going home on the wing with great speed. The *Fancy* have the fancy to despise this bird, probably on account of his utility, and Mr. Ure actually refers to a fancy for home pigeons—one would think the most interesting of all—as the "homer pest," classing it with the rinderpest. To such lengths will a Fancier's fanciful fancy go. There can be no doubt that he is a thorough pigeon-fancier, and knows that art and pursuit perfectly well. On reading this Part II. of the book one is introduced to the mysteries in very good wholesome style, and is exhorted to "remember in everything to behave like a gentleman"—advice which recommends itself at once without question. The leading pigeons are well described, their faults criticized, and the proper form illustrated in the plates; the book is, therefore, a competent authority on the subject.

Part I. is "Introductory, Piscatorial, and Miscellaneous," and gives the reader an autobiographical account of the author's happy way of spending his leisure hours in the country and on the rivers of Scotland. He is a Scot, and the book is very Scottish—not Scotch, an adjective which he cannot on any account endure. He is, or was fifty years ago, a very good observer of nature, more especially of birds, and a fisherman. He gives a very pleasing impression of the purity and innocence of his way of enjoying life, and tells some good stories of his brother Scots. He says:—"Birds and flowers, I fervently believe, will be part of the joys in the Great Hereafter, for without them it is impossible for earthly sense to realize elysium"; and this is the tone of his mind.

In Part III.—"Rambling Ornithological Notes"—Mr. Ure treats of our song-birds in a very pleasing rambling fashion. He is a great admirer of the skylark, and says that he once sat down to time this songster's song by his watch, when he found that the bird soared and sang for half an hour, excelling all other birds in continuous song without pause. Numerous passages from Shakespeare, Burns, and the poets in general are quoted, in which the skylark comes in for a good share of praise. The destruction of song-birds so woefully prevalent now forms a chapter of lamentations in the book. All of them are insect-destroyers, and gardeners, grudging them a little fruit, kill their best friends, who are perpetually preying upon the "worm i' the bud." Bullfinches will be exterminated if this branch of

* *Our Fancy Pigeons, and Rambling Notes of a Naturalist.* By George Ure. London: Elliot Stock.

gardening goes on, and their sweet note will be lost to us. A gardener stated that his orchard was one year visited by a number of bullfinches, and that he had, *notwithstanding*, a very fine crop of fruit. Of what use is experience to such men? The starling seems to be increasing very fast, and Mr. Ure says they destroy the eggs and young of the skylark. It is impossible to say what mischief may be done by interfering too much with nature in the supply of wild animals. Gamekeepers destroy everything that comes near them except game—foxes, all the weasel tribe, hawks, owls, &c.—and gardeners follow in their wake. The effect of the destruction of hawks is, naturally enough, the multiplication of certain other birds; and it would seem that wood-pigeons and starlings have seized the opportunity. In elevating the lark, Scottish laverock or lerrick, which one would think a work of supererogation, Mr. Ure finds it in his heart to sneer at the thrush as being more of an orator than a singer (p. 217). (By the way, there is this little curiosity in the book continued all through Part III. page "216. Our Fancy Pigeons, the Skylark, 217," opposite page.) It is surely not necessary in order to cry up the lark to cry down the thrush, and perhaps, for the lark's sake, comparisons should be considered odious. The goldfinch, with his great beauty, elegance, and brilliancy, does not come in for quite his fair share of praise. His call is so very sweet, and his song so low and soft, when in his wild state (it is always spoilt in cages by his quick imitation of the canary), that he ought to stand high among the finches, and ought not to be trapped so universally and so destructively, as Mr. Ure sadly relates. He mentions the disappointment to him, and such lovers of birds as he, at finding the Wild Bird Protection Act of so little avail. It is really high time that steps should be taken to enforce the provisions of this Act, to which justices and police seem to be indifferent.

IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA.*

IN the excellent preface which he has been induced to write for the English translation of his French friend's book Colonel Trotter very truly remarks that "geographers and professional men who are interested in maps of hitherto unknown districts will appreciate the admirable series which accompany this volume, and they, as well as politicians, will derive advantage from the maturely-considered deductions of this observant traveller." M. de la Martinière explains why he has sometimes found it difficult to define with unquestionable accuracy the position of some of the places he visits. He was not likely to meet with much assistance in such difficulties from the Moors themselves, who entertain a contempt for all the exact sciences, which are to them "Harranis"—that is to say, things forbidden by their very religion—not that they are at all tempted to taste the prohibited fruit. "Science is all very beautiful," say these utilitarian philosophers, "but does it give you two stomachs or the power to double your lifetime?" They object to photography, not because portrait-taking is forbidden by the Prophet, but because they think that the camera is an instrument of magic. When M. de la Martinière took his theodolite on to the roof of a house one evening, in order to make some polar observations, some bullets aimed at his lantern soon compelled him to desist. The Moors themselves, in their white garments, look clean and pleasant; but the filth and stench of their streets and general surroundings would beggar description from any traveller but a Frenchman. The vices, and immorality, and utter corruption of the men and women are laid bare before us with a scalpel which could only be wielded by a countryman of M. Zola. And there is "no hope of amelioration." Black blood has done its work. "Debasement and degeneration have been going on too long." And yet M. de la Martinière says that the more you see of Morocco the more you are struck with the resemblance of life and habits there to those of European societies of the middle ages, and the more disposed to agree with M. Renan that the conditions of life, among the Arabs at any rate, are superior to the "narrow forms of our prosaic mechanical civilization, with its scientific shams." Morocco itself is a dreary country, with large deserts, damp and foggy, and very like parts of Hungary and of Russia. Muley Ismail is the solitary figure that stands out at all grandly in modern Moorish history. The story of his mission to Louis XIV. and of the Roi Soleil's refusal of his suit for the hand of Mlle. de Blois, afterwards Princess of Condé, is very amusingly told. His buildings and many of the institutions set on foot by him show Ismail to have been "a man of powerful and dominant mind." He stood sword in hand over his workmen and compelled them to do their work thoroughly. He kept twelve thousand horses in a stable three miles long, and in the Tedla country attempted to build a sort of second edition of the Great Wall of China. The present Sultan is free from many of the odious vices practised by his people. He is a zealous artilleryman and has done a great deal for the scientific branches of his army; but his infantry is in a most pitiable con-

dition, ill-armed, ill-clad, and carrying muskets and bayonets patched up and held together with string. M. de la Martinière thinks but little of the Moors as horsemen. The stories of their prowess are not to be believed. They are cruel to, and neglectful of, their horses. Their famous *fantasias* are like the performances of a fifth-rate circus in a country fair, and provoke the scornful laughter, rather than the approbation, of beholders who know anything of the subject. Events crowd each other so fast nowadays that many things that "made epoch" at the time sink into oblivion and leave few traces on the public mind. One of these incidents of yesterday is the gallant but futile attempt made by the famous Abd-el-Kader to establish himself as Emperor of Morocco. The story of the old Emir's latter days, when, broken with age and decrepitude, he met, in 1877, the officers of the French Military Mission to Fez, is as touching a picture of foiled ambition as any of those which "point a moral or adorn a tale" in Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

All the Russias is a book for children chiefly. Its excellent and valuable remarks on the geography and history of the Czar's dominions would, however, please most intelligent youngsters of both sexes if they were simply narrated as facts. The story which holds them together is too slight to be interesting, and we are afraid that Alexander Petroff and Piotr Mouravieff will be generally considered didactic and intrusive little bores. In no book written for either adults or children have we seen the reasons for the Gregorian reform of the Calendar and of the difference between the new and the old style of date so excellently and so lucidly explained as it is here. The story of the truant Al'yosha, who was befriended by a kindly wolf, is very prettily told.

The delightful "microcosmography" of Bishop Earle lends itself as little to purposes of review as *Behind the Bungalow*, with its almost equally delightful sketches of the evils which an Anglo-Indian householder cannot do well without. The "Boy," the "Dog Boy"; the "Body Guard," the "Hamal," the "Dhobie," the "Pundit," and the "Miscellaneous Wallahs," and many of the other persons who form a white Sahib's retinue are as graphically described with pencil as with pen. *Eha* can find no bright side to the *Sycc*. Tom, the barber, who can shave his master without awaking him, and who looks upon beard-wearers "as the Chaplain regards dissenters," is capital company. The "Pundit," who never teaches, but simply is a mine in which you must dig for what you want, would be pleasanter but for reasons which make it advisable that you should give him a chair, isolated on glass legs. "Many are the mysteries of housekeeping in India, and puzzling its problems." But of all these "puzzling problems," we think that we most like the cook. This is one of the menus which Domingos wrote out:—

Soup.	
Salary Soup.	
Fis.	
Heel as fry.	
Madiash.	
Russel pups.	Wormsil mole.
Joint.	
Roast Bastard.	
Toast.	
Anchovy.	Poshteg.
Puddia.	
Billimunj.	Ispunj roli.

The author of this bill of fare had objection to write *devil* turkey. "Devil," he said, "very bad word"; so the dish appeared on the programme as "d—d turkey." An Anglo-Indian lady boasted that her Chinese cook was much cleaner than her neighbour's Indian chef. They visited the respective kitchens. The Indian's pots, and pans, and utensils of all kinds were filthy. The Chinaman's vessels shone like mirrors, and Chang himself was sitting on his box, washing himself in the soup tureen. The author of *Behind the Bungalow* has an excellent sense of humour, combined with a kindness of heart which makes his little book delightful reading.

L'ART ÉQUESTRE.*

M. BARROIL is a pupil of Captain Raabe; Captain Raabe is one of the leading disciples and improvers on the system of Baucher, and Baucher, as everybody knows, was the great prophet of the *haute école*. The theory propounded in the introduction to the ponderous book on horsemanship which is to form the subject of this notice is that, just as the soldier ought to understand the mechanism of his rifle, so ought the rider to understand the mechanism of his horse's movements. That this is much to be desired we do not for a moment deny; yet there can be no doubt that there have been many excellent riders who were utterly ignorant of the position of a horse's

* Morocco. With Itineraries and a Bibliography of Morocco. By H. M. P. de la Martinière, F.R.G.S., &c. With a Preface by Lieutenant-Colonel Trotter. London: Whittaker & Co. 1889.

All the Russias. By E. C. Phillips, Author of "Bunchy" &c. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co. 1889.

Behind the Bungalow. By the Author of "The Tribes on My Frontier." Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. 1889.

* *L'Art Équestre, Allures et Changements d'Allures, Dressage raisonné du Cheval*. Par E. Barroil. Avec Lettre-Préface du Capitaine Raabe. 262 Vignettes et Dessins par Gustave Parquet. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1889.

legs in a gallop; for it has only been within the last few years that either horseman, sculptor, painter, or anatomist has had any but the vaguest ideas on the subject; and such ideas as they formerly possessed were nearly all erroneous. It now turns out that the designers of some of the ancient Roman bas-reliefs were at least as near the reality in their representations of a horse in a gallop as modern artists. Certainly nobody was ever much wider of the mark in this respect than the famous animal-painter Snijders. One of the most spirited painters of horses racing was J. F. Herring; if horses ever appeared to gallop on canvas, his did; yet we now find that he was deplorably incorrect. It must be admitted that we were very happy in our ignorance, but it is an excuse which we can plead no longer. Instantaneous photography has revealed the truth—a truth, perhaps, which may not be altogether welcome either to painters of racing subjects or to owners of pictures by Herring. Moreover, we may go further, and express a doubt whether artists, as a rule, will even now venture to draw horses in the positions which they actually assume when cantering and galloping. The world is hardly yet prepared for such an astounding innovation. The question presents itself why it should be that drawings of horses look so much more lifelike when represented in their conventional than in their natural positions in the gallop? It can scarcely be because our eyes have been educated to look for the former in pictures; for, if a child were to be shown a painting of a horse with one foreleg stretched out to the utmost in front of him, the other foreleg stretched out equally far behind him, and his hind-legs in the air—one of the actual positions in the gallop—he would not know what the horse was doing; whereas, if he were to be shown a picture of a race by Herring, he would understand at once that the horses were intended to be galloping.

The chief exponents of the new discovery of the true positions of the horse in galloping have been Mr. Muybridge, with his excellent photographs; Governor Stanford, with his book on the horse in motion; Mr. Anderson, with his illustrated pamphlet on *The Gallop*; M. Marey, with his registering machine and his works on *La Machine Animal* and *La Méthode Graphique*; and last, but not least, M. Barroil. M. Barroil's book contains a number of very careful illustrations by M. Gustave Parquet of the various paces of a horse, from a walk to a "galop de course." In the left-hand top corner of his sheet he draws a little horse in Attitude 1; beneath it, exactly so far, in proportion, to the right as the first movement would bring it, he draws another horse in Attitude 2, and so on, with the other attitudes, sometimes as many as eleven, until we find a horse at the right-hand bottom corner in Attitude 1 again. Parallel perpendicular lines are brought down the diagrams to the point where the horse's feet touch the ground, and, at the top, other lines, joining them, give a geometrical analysis of each movement. Not content, as other writers on the horse's paces have been, to illustrate merely the walk, trot, canter, and gallop, M. Barroil gives elaborate descriptions, assisted by equally elaborate diagrams, of the walk, amble, "Passage de l'Amble au Pas," "Passage de l'Amble au petit Trot," "Passage du petit Trot au Pas préparatoire au petit Trot," "Passage du petit Trot à l'Amble," "Passage de l'Amble à l'Amble rompu," "Trot normal," "Grand Trot," "Flying Trot," "Galop normal," "Petit Galop," "Galop de course," "Passage du Pas normal à un Pas allongé de 2^m 10'," "Passage du petit Trot au Trot normal," "Passage du Pas normal au Galop normal," "Passage du Galop normal au Trot normal," and several other movements. The modern theory of the gallop has been chiefly based on instantaneous photographs; but M. Barroil has also availed himself of M. Marey's "méthode graphique," an instrument on something the same principle as that used by doctors to register the beatings of the human pulse. It is held in the hands of the rider and connected by tubes either with shoes specially constructed for the purpose on his horse's feet, or else with a sort of boot strapped round the cannon bone. By means of this very complicated machine the movements of the horse are registered on a piece of paper.

Besides the illustrations, this book contains many geometrical diagrams and tables with lines, letters, and figures, savouring of Euclid and Algebra. Indeed, candidates for cavalry cadetships at Sandhurst might be allowed to take up the first part of *L'Art Équestre* as one of the subjects for their examination, and they would find it by no means an easy one. All the diagrams of the horse's paces in *L'Art Équestre* are beautifully drawn, and, after the infinite pains and trouble, artistic, geometric, photographic, and scientific, that have evidently been expended upon them, it would be as difficult as it would be ungracious to doubt their accuracy; yet, when we compare those of a horse at full gallop with Mr. Muybridge's instantaneous photographs, we confess that, while the positions are partly the same in each, Mr. Muybridge's horses seem to be galloping—not, it is true, according to our preconceived ideas, but none the less galloping—whereas those in M. Barroil's book do not. Like as both are to each other, there is, if we may be allowed to say so, "just the difference that makes all the difference" between them. There is no "go" in M. Gustave Parquet's galloping horses, while Mr. Muybridge's photographs are full of life and fire. Much of this apparent disparity may possibly be owing to the particular horse whose gallop is represented in either instance, and for this reason we should hesitate to pass a very definite opinion upon them. We must add that, both in its letterpress

and in its illustrations, *L'Art Équestre* is more complete than any book that we have yet seen on the various paces of the horse.

Passing from "allures et changements d'allures" to "dressage raisonné du cheval," we decidedly demur on reading "quant à nous, nous croyons qu'on ne peut réellement discipliner le cheval que par la crainte des éperons." We sincerely hope that such an abominable doctrine may never be preached in this country. Really the sentence just quoted, like some other French sentences of a different nature, is "too bad to bear translation into English." The author, however, has our full sympathy when he enforces the necessity of a knowledge of the use of the spur. If people must wear spurs at all, they most certainly ought to understand what to do, and, which is far more important, what *not* to do, with them. M. Barroil tells us that, if we touch a horse with the spur immediately behind the girth, it affects his fore-quarters, and is serviceable in making him back or stop, while spurring him far behind the girths induces him to move his hind-quarters—we might add, by lifting them up and kicking his rider over his head, if the latter is not careful. Would it surprise M. Barroil to hear that in this country, to our shame be it spoken, horses are often spurred "loin des sangles," not only behind but also in *front* of the girths? Let anybody carefully examine the hunters in a large field after a quick twenty minutes over a cramped country, and it will be a miracle if he does not find at least one horse with a spur mark in front of his girths. It is a grief to us to have to make the admission, more especially as it were in the presence of foreigners; but it is our firm conviction that something like ten per cent. among English horsemen do not spur their horses at all when they intend to spur them, and spur them when they do not intend to spur them. Nor is this all; for when they do spur them it is, as often as not, in the wrong place. We quite agree, again, with the observations as to the importance of a thorough control over the step of a horse. How provoking it is to see a would-be brilliant young jockey lose a race by clumsily making his horse change his legs at a critical moment! On the question whether jockeys or other riders would be able to control their horses' movements much better by the study of such statements as that "la vitesse de la masse est de 15/12 moins rapide que la vitesse du pied (1^m40=2^m40-5/12 de 2^m40)," or that "pendant que le centre de mouvement de la hanche a progressé en l'air de 0^m10, le postérieur droit a parcouru 0^m10+5/7 de 0^m10, ou 0^m17 environ," we do not feel qualified to express an opinion.

It is all very well to say that because a horse is in an unnatural condition when he has a man on his back and a bit in his mouth, his rider should teach him "les lois de son mécanisme"; but in a run with hounds, even on the back of a colt that had never been out hunting before, we should much prefer to leave him as much as possible to himself, especially in jumping, for we should fear that, to meddle too much with the mechanism would be to endanger an upset of the machine! We are as much at issue with M. Barroil on the subject of the use of the whip as on that of the use of the spur. We strongly object to the practice of constantly tickling a horse with the whip, and more strongly still to the theory that, if "le cheval rue fortement à la cravache, il faut le châtier immédiatement, à l'instant de la défense, en le frappant d'un coup sec sur le membre postérieur qui a détaché la ruade." We own to being too English, again, to appreciate the following piece of advice in respect to discipline:—"Il est également avantageux de fredonner un air en deux temps, chaque temps correspondant à chaque application de la cravache sur l'une ou l'autre hanche." We might just as well insist that in future our boys at school should be flogged to slow fiddling, just to mark the time and give them a taste for music. At any rate, we entertain a prejudice against "le jeu de la cravache sur le sommet des hanches," in the case of horses, even when it is to teach them, what we in England should call, "tricks." To our mind the most entertaining illustrations in the whole volume are three representing a horse jumping a bar, apparently about eighteen inches high. They give "1^{re} phase du Saut," "2^e phase du Saut," "3^e phase du Saut," with "Attitude du cheval et position du cavalier." They are admirably drawn. The tremendous effort on the part of the horse to clear this prodigious "obstacle" is made as obvious as pencil can possibly make it. Nay, one can almost hear the grunt which the coarse-looking brute would make on landing, after barely clearing it.

Gentlemen who aspire to the mysteries of the *haute école* will find full instructions in this great work as to "doublers," "voltes," "demi-voltes," "la pirouette," "et la pirouette sur trois membres, le galop en arrière, le pas et le trot espagnols, le passage," and "le piaffer," as well as the more ancient "le mézair, la ballottade," and "la capriole." Indeed, a careful study of Chapter xii. ought to enable them to teach their horses to make "demi-pirouettes" by next hunting season.

MISSIONARY SUCCESS IN FORMOSA.*

MISSIONARY Success in Formosa, by the Rev. W. Campbell, F.R.G.S., is an oddly arranged book, the very interesting account of missionary enterprise in that large and little known island

* *An Account of Missionary Success in the Island of Formosa*. Published in London in 1850, and now Reprinted, with copious Appendices, by Rev. W. Campbell, English Presbyterian Mission, Taiwanfoo. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

down to the present year being put in the form of appendices to a reprint, translated from the original Dutch in 1650, of a curious little volume describing the proceedings of "M. Ro: Junius, a Minister lately in *Delph in Holland*," by whose means "Five Thousand Nine Hundred East Indians in the Isle FORMOSA, neere CHINA," were converted. Very meagre information is given in the original "Letter of Mr. C. Sibellius, relating that East Indian conversion before-mentioned," which is the pith of the old Dutch tract; but it has been amply supplemented by Mr. Campbell, whose account of the early Dutch mission in Formosa, with many original letters from the missionaries, takes us back to Puritan times. It is interesting to find the honoured name of Damiaens among these missionaries, the stern earnestness of whose rule may be gathered from the following extracts from the regulations of their "seminary":—

The time given to instruction in the morning shall be 4 glasses, beginning at sunrise—that is, from 6 till 8—two glasses to be allowed (i.e. 1 hour) for breakfast—and then again for four glasses—i.e. from 9 till 11. The time given to instruction during the afternoon shall be four glasses—that is, from 3 to 5. The Sub-Director shall see to have all the young people up in the morning before sunrise; that they properly dress, wash, and comb themselves; and thereafter that morning prayers be read, all present reverently kneeling, &c.

Chapters of the Bible were to be read aloud during meals, and all minor points of discipline were clearly defined with a precision worthy of Frederick William I., much of whose spirit seems to have been possessed in anticipation by the worthy pastors. The following "Proclamation" reads much in his style:—

We now declare that idolatry in the first degree shall be punishable with public whipping and banishment; that those who are guilty of incest [probably meaning those who follow their ancestral marriage-customs] shall be severely whipped in public, and condemned to wear chains during the space of six years; while the less heinous sins enumerated in this proclamation shall be proportionately punished according to circumstances, by the decision of the Judge. And in order that none may pretend ignorance of the matter, this our proclamation shall be translated into all the dialects of the island, and affixed in public to churches and schools; arrangements being also made for having it read in public once a month; that all the people may, as far as lies in our power, be taught to cease from the practice of those vile things which have been referred to.

Not much given to toleration, these stout-hearted Dutchmen of the Reformed religion, and claiming for themselves, we may observe, as complete temporal and spiritual power over Formosa as ever the Jesuits did over Paraguay. What fruit their energetic preaching and practice would have borne, it is hard to say—we may observe that even the Supreme Council at home thought that their proceedings in "threatening those who commit idolatry with the severest punishment, such as public whipping and banishment," were rather too vigorous, and remark, "We can in no wise believe that these are the appropriate means whereby poor benighted people will be led to forsake idolatry and be brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, and we are quite averse to their being employed"; though, to save their fiery subordinates' credit, they do not advise that the proclamation should be withdrawn, but that it should be left inoperative. A printing press was also demanded from home, the missionaries pledging themselves not to print "large and costly works, but small, much-needed schoolbooks"; and, lest this proposal should cause alarm, they assure the authorities that a vigilant censorship will be exercised. "It is our intention, if the present request be granted, to keep this current so effectively in check that there will be no danger of the water at any time rising so high as to cause an inundation or the breaking of the dykes"—a truly Dutch metaphor. A considerable part of Formosa was apparently becoming at least outwardly Christian, when the Mission was brought to an end by "Mr. Koxinga," as the Dutchmen called a powerful Chinese adventurer, against whose troops they heroically defended the "Fort of Zeelandia," losing 1,600 men in nine months' time, but were at length, in October 1661, forced to capitulate and leave the country, the fruits of their thirty years' occupation all perishing, with the exception of the Gospel of St. Matthew in Formosan, by Gravius (recently edited by the Rev. W. Campbell), and translations of portions of the Scriptures into several native dialects by Junius and his colleagues, some extracts from which are here given, the Lord's Prayer being compared with Psalmanazar's fictitious version of the same. By the way, it tells very ill for the research and critical power of Bishop Compton and the learned Doctors of the University of Oxford that, with this book before them, and many Formosan missionaries still living in Holland, they should have accepted Psalmanazar's imposture merely on his own authority and that of his dupe, Mr. Innes. Compton was always, it may be said, more of a Lifeguardsman than a theologian; but the strange thing is that, when Psalmanazar published his account, in 1704, there was already a book printed in London which would have convicted him if any one had thought of referring to it.

The task of converting the natives of Formosa, begun in the seventeenth century by the Dutch Puritans, has been resumed by the Presbyterian Churches of England and Canada, with most gratifying and encouraging results. There are peculiar difficulties and dangers to be met by missionaries in Chinese territories; one of the chief being the language. The converts, it seems, are taught to read in Roman type; but this expedient must, we think, cause great confusion, necessary though it may be. Mr. Campbell declares that such of his converts as belong to what in Scotland would be called the "small crofter" class, most

of whom are very intelligent, are nevertheless very illiterate, a statement which finds its explanation in the unusual difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese written language. The hieratic and demotic characters existed side by side in ancient Egypt, it is true; but it seems a strange proceeding to begin operations for the conversion of a people by an attempt to supersede their alphabet. Success, however, seems assured to the mission from their already possessing educated native converts who carry on the ministry among their fellow-countrymen; and, in spite of the ill-will of the official class, the assaults of "village ruffians," and the terrible hardships which European missionaries in the East must undergo, the amount of progress made is very considerable. Nor are the converts such merely in name; for, before they are admitted to membership of the Church, all have to pass a searching examination; so that an important preparatory movement may be going on outside the Church, and a work of education, in its higher sense, may be advancing within her pale, while the number of admissions may be far from showing its real extent. The operations of the missionaries are not confined to the fertile, low-lying western region claimed by the Chinese, but extend among the primeval savages of the little-known mountainous east coast. Some of our readers may remember the fear and trembling with which Mr. Guillemard and his comrades of the *Marchesa* landed for a few hours among the reputed cannibals of this rocky wilderness, and will hear with interest how rapidly mission stations are being planted in it, and the people reclaimed from savagery. What the meaning of that savagery is, even in the more settled parts of Formosa, may in part be gathered from the interesting, though painful, chapter on "Work for the Blind," where we shudder as we read of the numbers of helpless villagers whose eyes have been literally torn from their sockets by the followers of the ruffian who so nearly succeeded in murdering Mr. Campbell himself, and by other organized bands of brigands. Brutal violence, smallpox, and ophthalmia combined swell the numbers of blind so greatly that Mr. Campbell declares that he should not be surprised if accurate census returns reported the presence of 25,000 blind persons in Formosa and the southern half of the province of Fokien. Much is being done by the missionaries to alleviate the lot of these hapless victims, and the discussion as to the best alphabet for their use is curious, as it seems that representations of only nineteen English letters are required to express the words of their language. We heartily congratulate the Presbyterian Missions in Formosa upon the good work which they have accomplished in a remote and barbarous country, and hope that, as the results of their labours become known, they will be enabled to enlarge their sphere of usefulness.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have been often of late, not indeed surprised, but considerably amused, at a certain *engouement*, of which some persons in England have set, or tried to set, the example, in reference to that very clever and entertaining writer, M. Jules Lemaitre (1). "Why can't we write like M. Jules Lemaitre?" say the leaders (but perhaps it is only their fun, seeing that at least one of them can write like M. Lemaitre, only better), and the followers sagely shake the head and echo, "Ah, yes, *why* can't we write like M. Jules Lemaitre?" It is true that the followers in so echoing sometimes talk of "M. de Montégut," which does not look exactly like *connaissance de cause*; but that may be an accident. There is nothing easier to establish in the mind of the Briton (born xenomaniac as his neighbour is born malign) than that they order something better elsewhere; and we do not despair of living till it is quite an accepted thing in England that nobody can write like M. Lemaitre. The examples of this inapproachable writing we do feel a little interest in; but they are usually not forthcoming. The last that we remember was a sentence held up to adoration by the chief of all Lemaitrists, the sentence (not in this volume) where M. Lemaitre, observing that he had made up his mind not to write on anything save literature confessed that he had changed it, and was "going to write about M. Ohnet." Why can't we write like that? The only answer is that many undergraduates, many governesses, and many clever schoolboys do write like it.

But it would be very unfair to let this odd little craze prejudice any one against one of the brightest and liveliest writers of the younger generation in France. A great critic M. Lemaitre is not, and we rather doubt whether he ever will be one. Like his predecessor, "the other Jules" (one Janin, a clever man in his time, by'r lady), he seems to lack the comparative spirit. He tells us, without winking, that he does not know a word of English, and we own that we cannot ourselves imagine anything short of Divine inspiration which can keep straight a critic who, being French, knows not English, or, being English, knows not French. He must almost necessarily be like a sculler desperately pulling one oar only, and describing insane circles in consequence. Latin and Greek (at least Greek) may help him a little, no doubt, but not entirely. But M. Lemaitre is quite content to read Shakespeare in translations. In this placid contentment with one-eyedness or one-eyedness lies the secret of much of the confident air which so charms his admirers. He has no doubts, no nasty

(1) *Les contemporains*. Par Jules Lemaitre. Quatrième série. Paris: Leclerc et Oudin.

consciousness of the other side; and to have no doubts is an immense advantage.

In this volume of his we begin with a very clever *débinage* of Stendhal, the extravagant laudations of whom by those about M. Bourget seem to have stirred up a school of good sense in Paris to deliver mankind from him. But it is characteristic of M. Lemaitre that he seems to think "littérature personnelle" a phrase invented by M. Brunetière, and that, while rallying Beyle's egotism very agreeably, he writes thus:—"Penser ainsi de soi, passe encore; nous sommes de si plaisants animaux! Mais l'écrire, fût-ce pour son bonnet de nuit! Je n'en reviens pas." This is a lively way of writing; but its buttonholing liveliness is, in another division of thought, just as egotistic as Stendhal's coxcombry. There is plenty of mordant good sense in the paper on Baudelaire; but even M. Lemaitre has to admit the perpetual presence in that poet of what is "singulier, troublant, charmant, mystérieux, douloureux." What Baudelarian of brains wants more? Also, M. Lemaitre forgets that no one has rallied the defects which are supposed to be peculiarly his own better than Baudelaire, both in prose and verse. In the third paper, on Mérimée, we find a sentence which explains not a few of M. Lemaitre's critical shortcomings. "On se lasse," he says, "de bien des choses en littérature." Yes, if you take them up in a mere spirit of personal fancy; no, if you appreciate and love them as a critic. Show us a man who has once heartily liked anything in literature and has ceased to like it, and we will show you a man who is not a critic, or literature which is not literature. But, as always, M. Lemaitre says some very agreeable and clever things of Mérimée. The paper on the late M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, written when he was alive, is not wholly in good taste, considering that it is devoted to a man very old, very poor, a kind of Paladin in his devotion to his own idea of literature, and not in the least popular. The "slating" of M. Paul Verlaine and the decadents is much longer, much more ingenious, and much better deserved. And always M. Lemaitre says clever and agreeable things. So he does of Hugo, of Lamartine, of George Sand, of M. Daudet, of M. Renan, of this, that, and the other. Only it seems to us that these clever and agreeable things are by no means always or often criticism—that is to say, the focussing of a particular book or writer under a system of lenses borrowed from the study of all the great literature of ages. The skits at the end—little novels, burlesque prognostications, and the like—are quite capital, but they, at least, make no critical pretence at all. To conclude, M. Lemaitre seems to us a true *fidèle* de Voltaire, in the sense that he combines a certain rationalizing good sense—limited, but just—in thinking with great grace, much wit, and an attractive if egotistical personality in writing. But Voltaire was, very frequently, one of the very worst critics who ever lived; and though M. Lemaitre is far, indeed, from ever being that, we fear we cannot compliment him on being often one of the best.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE best thing about *Derrick Vaughan, Novelist*, by Edna Lyall (Methuen & Co.), is the light it throws on the novelist as manufacturer. The hero writes a novel, his first venture, which is not a success, though reputed to be not quite proper. Possibly it was not puffed in the gutter journals. In the course of composition Derrick Vaughan writes from Bath to a friend in London:—"Do, like a good fellow, go to North Audley Street for me, to the house where Lynwood lodged, and tell me what he would see besides the church from his window—if shops, what kind? Also, if any glimpse of Oxford Street would be visible?" What will Mr. Howells say to this? Would the book have failed if the novelist's friend, in a waggish mood, had reported Mme. Tussaud's on the horizon? However, in spite of a jilting at the hands of a fair damsel, and sundry grievous impediments caused by a debauched parent, another and successful novel is produced, and all ends well.

There is a good deal of what passes for "psychology," with others besides lady novelists, in *Hermia, an American Woman*, by Gertrude Franklin Atherton (Routledge). Hermia begins life in a shabby-genteel way, as a very plain girl who "desires what she has not—the beautiful" and obtains it by the magic of an unexpected fortune, a fashionable physician, and a stout, trained nurse, who practises massage, it seems. Hermia becomes a New York beauty, with eyes "deep and green as the sea," and hair like "vibrant flame," or "burnished brass." She soon attracts two lovers to her fiery sphere, and we would not if we could tell how they play on the nerves of this barbaric creature. Who would mar a nightmare at second-hand? One of these admirers is a writer of dialect novels, and his lecture on "The dialect element in American fiction" is delightful, and only too short. He does not specify, by the way, the speech of the Virginian negroes. The curious in such matters may consult and find entertainment in Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's sketches and stories of the past, *In Ole Virginia* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) This is an interesting and thoroughly readable collection. The sketches of negro character are capital, and the dialect needs no glossary. Life on the plantations before and during the war is vividly recalled in the majority of Mr. Page's pleasant stories. Full of curious illustrations of Lincolnshire dialect is Mr. Edward Peacock's *Glossary of Words used in the Wapentakes of Manley and*

Corringham (Trübner & Co.), one of the English Dialect Society's series of original glossaries. Revised and enlarged, with an appendix, is the second edition, in two volumes, just issued.

To judge from the two volumes published, *Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia* (Blackie & Son), edited by Dr. Charles Annandale, will be found a boon to the general reader. Some handy form of encyclopædia has long been wanted. This is comprehensive, without being bulky. The information is succinctly given, sufficiently copious, and strictly relevant. With these good features must be noted the excellent type and paper, the useful woodcuts and maps, of these neatly-bound octavo volumes.

Practical Iron Founding (Whittaker & Co.) will be found a very useful handbook for students, both as an elementary treatise on the art of iron-casting and a practical exposition of the methods pursued in foundries. The many excellent woodcuts form the best illustrative commentary on the author's condensed treatment of the subject that could be desired by beginners.

It cannot be said, in the face of the many books on the subject, that Volapük is threatened with extinction now that its inventor is dead. Dr. M. W. Wood, the compiler of the fullest vocabulary we have yet noticed—*Dictionary of Volapük*, "International Language Series" (Trübner & Co.; New York: Sprague)—is very sanguine that there is a great future for the mongrel invention of Johann Martin Schleyer. Its adherents, we are told, number hundreds of thousands of speakers of twenty-one tongues. And yet how many of us have met one of these speakers? Here, however, is a tolerably stout dictionary, arranged after Bellows, with a synopsis of inflections, a list of the all-important prefixes and suffixes—sufficient, indeed, to tempt the venturesome who require, as Byron did in Venice, something "craggy."

Mrs. Molesworth's *Great Uncle Hoot-Toot* (S. P. C. K.) is an "improving" story for little boys of imperious and wilful temper, with good illustrations by Gordon Browne and others. Albert Warren's *Garden Painting Book* (Routledge) comprises a number of well-drawn coloured plates of vegetables, with corresponding black and white designs for children to copy in colour, as all children delight to do, and in this instance may with ordinary materials.

We have also received *American Prisons*, by Frederick Howard Wines, "Questions of the Day" series (Putnam's Sons); Part IV. of *Scientific Memoirs* of medical officers of the army of India, edited by Sir Benjamin Simpson, M.D. (Calcutta: printed by the Superintendent of Government Printing); and *Description of the County of Cumberland*, by Sir Daniel Fleming (1671), edited by R. S. Ferguson, M.A. (Kendal: Wilson).

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